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Fifth Series, }
Volume XXIV. }

No. 1801.—December 21, 1878.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXIX.

CONTENTS.

I. EPPING FOREST. By Alfred Russell Wallace,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	707
II. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part XIX.,	<i>Advance Sheets</i> ,	717
III. AMONG THE BURMESE. Part V.,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	734
IV. RACINE AND HIS WORKS. By the author of "Mirabeau," etc.,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	740
V. A NEW METHOD OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	750
VI. THE UNDEFINABLE IN ART,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	760

POETRY.

ABERGLAUBE,	706	STANZAS,	706
OLDEN TIMES AND PRESENT,	706		

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ABERGLAUBE.

I KNOW of a noble lady
Who has never lifted her veil ;
Her hand, on the aching temples,
Is tender, and cool, and pale ;

Her raiment is black and crimson,
Her voice, which is seldom loud,
Is drowned by a lover's whisper,
But not by a surging crowd ;

And her speech, which is heard within us,
Soundeth as if from far,
And she calleth the things that are not
To rebuke the things that are.

Therefore her word is the pillar
Of whatever standeth on earth,
And if aught on earth be precious,
Her sentence gives it worth.

She is very staid in her going,
As if she knew that haste
Would scatter the manna, hidden,
For wayfarers to taste.

Yet whithersoever we hasten,
We find her waiting there ;
And she walks where the ways are foulest,
As if she trod upon air.

I have told of her speech and her going ;
Of her deeds there is this to tell,
She lifteth up to heaven,
She casteth down to hell.

On earth she layeth foundations,
And others build thereupon ;
When they set the headstone with shoutings
She is far away and gone.

For her road is with them that labor,
Her rest is with them that grieve ;
Her name is Faith, while you serve her ;
When you lose her, Make Believe.

Cornhill Magazine. G. A. SIMCOX.

OLDEN TIMES AND PRESENT.

ANCIENT days of chivalry,
Tournament and falconry ;
Ladies fair and barons bold ;
Thrilling days, those days of old.
Battled towers and moated keeps,
Turret walls and donjon keeps,
Drawbridge closed and warder grave,
Retainers numerous and brave.
Mailed sentries keeping guard,
Troubadour and minstrel bard

Singing lays 'neath lady's bower,
Serenades at evening hour.
Thrilling days, those days of old,
For ladies fair and warriors bold.

See ! a pageant passes by,
In all the pride of chivalry ;
Arméd knights on chargers gay,
Warriors eager for the fray.
Burnished helm and glittering lance,
In the golden sunshine glance ;
Parting words from lady fair,
Tress of dark or golden hair.
Badge on arm, a woven band,
Parting gift from her fair hand ;
The knight departs for fields of France,
To win his fair by spear and lance.

Gone those days of pageantry,
Valor and knight-errantry ;
Only battle that of life ;
Race for wealth the keenest strife.
Love and truth and honor sold,
Bartered for the gain of gold.
Fair ones' hearts not now are won
By deeds of daring nobly done.

Only battle, that of life.
Need it be ignoble strife ?
Human hearts are battle-plains,
Where passions rage and warfare reigns.
Foemen ranged on either side :
Hate and Love, Forgiveness, Pride,
Strength and Weakness, Dread and Might ;
Direst battles those to fight.
Greatest victors those who win
Conquest over Self and Sin.
Chambers' Journal. SENGU.

STANZAS.

THERE is a tender hue that tips the first young
leaves of spring ;
A trembling beauty in their notes when young
birds learn to sing ;
A purer look when first on earth the gushing
brook appears ;
A liquid depth in infant eyes that fades with
summer years.
There is a rosy tint at dawn that flies the
brighter day ;
A sound of innocence and joy when children
shout at play ;
A laughing breeze at dewy morn that faints
with sultry noon ;
A silver veil that softest hangs around the
maiden moon.
The scent that roses fully blown about their
beauty fling
Is sweet, but cannot with the breath of early
buds compare ;
So doth there bloom a gentle love in life's en-
chanted spring,
That fills the breast with feelings age can
never hope to share.

Temple Bar. CECIL MAXWELL LYTE.

* "Altho
waste land
we can find
law." (P
Commission

From The Fortnightly Review.
EPPING FOREST.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

OUR greatest legal authorities will not admit that the people of England have any right whatever to enjoy the beautiful scenery of their native land, beyond such glimpses as may be obtained of it from highways and footpaths. Legally there is no such thing as a "common," answering to the popular idea of a tract of land over which anybody has a right to roam at will.* Every supposed common is said by the lawyers to belong absolutely to some body of individuals, to a lord or lords of the manor and the surrounding owners of land who have rights of common over it; and if these parties agree together, the said common may be enclosed, and the public shut out of it forever. The thousands of tourists who roam every summer over the healthy wastes of Surrey or the breezy downs of Sussex, who climb the peaks or revel on the heather-banks of Wales or Scotland, are every one of them trespassers in the eye of the law; and there is, perhaps, no portion of these favorite resorts of our country-loving people that it is not in the power of some individual or body of individuals to enclose and treat as private property.

How far this legal assumption accords with justice or sound policy, it is not our purpose now to inquire; that question having been treated by many able pens, and being one which will assuredly not become less important or less open to discussion as time goes on. We have now a far pleasanter task, that of calling attention to one of our ancient woodland wastes, Epping Forest, which, in the words of an act of Parliament passed at the end of last session, is to be forever preserved as "an open space for the recreation and enjoyment of the public." Here at length every one will have a right to roam unmolested, and to enjoy the beauties which nature so lavishly spreads around when left to her own wild luxuriance. We

shall possess, close to our capital, one real forest, whose wildness and sylvan character is to be studiously maintained, and which will possess an ever-increasing interest as furnishing a sample of those broad tracts of woodland which once covered so much of our country, and which play so conspicuous a part in our early history and national folk-lore. Unfortunately the spoilers have been at work, and much of the area now dedicated to the people has been more or less denuded of its woodland covering and otherwise deteriorated. Before, however, we describe the present state of the forest, and discuss the important question of how best to restore its beauty and increase its interest, it will be well to give our readers some notion of its former extent and of the circumstances that have led to its preservation.

It appears by the reports of the Epping Forest Commission (1875 and 1877) that in the reign of Charles I. the forest of Essex, or of Waltham, as it was then called, comprised the whole district between the rivers Lea and Roding, extending southward to Stratford Bridge, thus including the site of the great Stratford Junction Station, and northward to the village of Roydon, a distance in a straight line of sixteen miles. Much of this wide area was, however, even at that early date, only forest in a legal sense, for it included many towns and villages and much cultivated land, and these seem to have left the actual unenclosed forest not much larger than in the first half of the present century. We are told, for example, that during the two centuries from 1600 to 1800 only eighty acres of the forest were enclosed, and that even up to 1851 barely six hundred acres had been enclosed. The unenclosed forest at that date is estimated by the commissioners at fifty-nine hundred and twenty-eight acres. Then came the development of our railway system, and the discovery of Californian and Australian gold. The wealth of the country began to increase at an unprecedented rate; the growth of London became more rapid than ever, and its citizens more and more acquired the habit of residing in the country. Land everywhere rose in value, the

* "Although the public have long wandered over the waste lands of Epping Forest without let or hindrance, we can find no legal right to such user established in law." (Preliminary Report of the Epping Forest Commissioners, 1875, p. 12.)

wastes of Epping were temptingly near at hand, and illegal enclosures went on at such a pace that during the twenty years between 1851 and 1871 they amounted to almost exactly half the entire area, leaving only three thousand and one acres still open.

This wholesale process of enclosure, which, if quietly submitted to, would soon have left nothing of Epping Forest but the name, roused the indignation of many who dwelt near the forest or felt an interest in it, and a powerful agitation was commenced, in which the corporation of the city of London and many members of the legislature took a prominent part. In 1871 the Epping Forest commissioners were appointed by act of Parliament, and they gave in their final report only in the spring of last year. But in the mean time a most important case had been decided in the courts. At the request of the corporation of London, which supplied all the necessary funds, the commissioners of sewers (as freeholders in the forest) commenced a suit in chancery against the lords of manors and persons to whom they had granted lands, claiming a right of common over all the waste lands of the forest, and that all enclosures made since 1851 should be declared illegal. The master of the rolls decided (on the 24th November, 1874) in favor of the plaintiffs, and against this decision the defendants did not appeal. It has therefore been made the basis of legislation in the act just passed, which declares, that the whole five thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight acres which the commissioners found to have been open waste of the forest in 1851 are to be treated as common lands, and (the lords of manors or their grantees being first duly compensated for their manorial rights and property in the soil) that the whole of this extensive area, with the exception of lands built upon before 1871, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, is to be preserved "uninclosed and unbuilt upon as an open space for the recreation and enjoyment of the public."

Large sums of money were, however, required to buy up the manorial rights, and although this might possibly have been done by public subscription, the necessity

for this course was obviated by the liberality and public spirit of the city of London, which offered to supply all the needful funds, not only for this purchase, but also for all work that might be found necessary for the preservation, management, and replanting of the forest. This munificent offer was accepted, and the very reasonable desire of the corporation to have the chief voice in the management of the newly acquired domain in trust for the public, was acceded to by the legislature; and the act accordingly declares that Epping Forest is to be managed by a committee consisting of twelve members of the Corporation of London, and four verderers, chosen by the commoners of the twelve parishes in which the forest is situated.

Let us now take a brief glance at the present state of the land thus dedicated to the public, before proceeding to discuss the question, how it may be made the most of. First, and nearest to London, we have the open expanse of Wanstead Flats, not half a mile from the Forest Gate Station of the Great Eastern Railway, and which, together with some illegally enclosed ground northwards towards the village of Wanstead, comprises an area of nearly five hundred acres. Crossing it from north to south opposite Lake House is an avenue of lime-trees, never very fine, and now rapidly dying from the combined effects of want of shelter and the smoky atmosphere. With this exception almost the whole of the flats is denuded of trees, and offers a drear expanse of wiry grass interspersed with a few tufts of broom, stretching for more than a mile in length and not far short of half a mile wide. On the northern side considerable excavations have been made for brickfields, and here, where the ground rises somewhat, there is a very nice turf, with fern, broom, and even heather, in considerable patches. Northwestward is a large piece of recovered land, about fifty acres in extent, dotted over with oaks and bushes, and intersected by a fine double avenue of limes a third of a mile long, but many of the trees, in the part nearest London, are rapidly dying. Planes are probably the only trees which would now thrive well

here. This is, on the whole, a rather pretty piece of half-wild woodland, well worth careful preservation for the use of the dense population surrounding it.

To the west of Wanstead and Snarebrook, and northward towards Woodford, is a fine expanse of unenclosed land, nearly a mile long, and from a quarter to half a mile wide; and when some illegal enclosures are thrown open, this will be continued uninterruptedly to Woodford Green. The southern portion of this tract between Wanstead Orphan Asylum and Whip's Cross has been utterly devastated by gravel-digging, the whole surface being a succession of pits and hollows with stagnant pools of water, and a few miserable oaks left standing on mounds where the gravel has been dug away around them. One would think that here the lords of the manors had infringed on the rights of the commoners, by destroying the pasture and even the surface soil on which any herbage can grow; and that in equity they should be called on to pay damages instead of receiving payment for their alleged property in the soil, which they have here succeeded in rendering almost wholly worthless either for use or enjoyment. Northwestward, towards Woodford Green, is a rather pretty piece of wild forest land, with open grassy glades, intervening thickets, and ponds swarming with interesting aquatic plants. There are, however, very few ornamental trees, the oaks being mostly small, with a quantity of miserable pollard-beeches hardly more sightly than so many mops.

Passing Highham Park we come upon a large extent of illegally enclosed land, now to be thrown open, and much of it already given up. Between Woodford Green and Chingford Hatch there are about sixty acres of poor grass and fallow land adorned with a few bushes and one fine oak-tree, but sloping gently towards the north-west, and with extensive views over the wooded country beyond. Further north there are more than a hundred acres of small enclosures — rough pasture, fallow land, or cultivated fields, dotted with a few poor trees, and at present far from picturesque, but with an undulating surface offering considerable opportunity for im-

provement. To the west these fields are bounded by Chingford Brook, by the side of which are some very handsome willow-trees growing in stiff clay and indicating what this part of the land is adapted for. A little to the north-east is the new village of Buckhurst Hill, to the south-east of which is a fine piece of enclosed forest, about a hundred acres in extent and called the Lodge Bushes.

We now enter the northern and grandest division of the forest, which stretches away for a distance of five miles from Queen Elizabeth's Lodge to near the town of Epping. North and west of the lodge are nearly three hundred acres of illegally enclosed fields, now dreary fallows and poor pastures, but with fine slopes affording opportunity for producing new effects of forest-scenery. To the west and south of Loughton village are more extensive enclosures of several hundred acres of land, much of it arable or pasture land of good quality; and further north, near Theydon Church and on towards Epping, are other enclosures of less extent, and almost all of this will again be thrown open to the forest.

To the north of the road from Loughton to High Beech there is a vast extent of rough forest land, nearly three miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide, which has all been recovered after having been illegally enclosed by the lords of the manors, but not before they have denuded large portions of it of everything deserving the name of a tree, and left it a scrubby waste without any pretensions to sylvan beauty. Here are square miles of land, once as luxuriant as the unenclosed portions further west, but now presenting a hideous assemblage of stunted, mop-like pollards rising from a thicket of scrubby bushes.

From this brief sketch of the present condition of Epping Forest, with more especial reference to the newly recovered portions of it, we find, that probably not much less than a thousand acres, which are now or have recently been enclosed and cultivated fields, will soon be thrown into the forest; while, in addition to this, there are considerably more than a thousand acres which are almost entirely

denuded of trees and in a generally unsightly condition. The question at once arises, How can these wide tracts of land be *best* dealt with for the future recreation and enjoyment of the public? The act of Parliament, it is true, empowers the conservators to form playgrounds and cricket-grounds in suitable places, and some portions of these lands may be so applied. But a very few acres will serve for this purpose, or indeed are at all suitable for it; and there will remain by far the larger portion to be otherwise dealt with. After all the agitation, all the arduous legal struggles, all the liberal, nay lavish, expenditure of money to secure this land to the people, it cannot surely be left as it is. Some steps must be taken to make it beautiful and picturesque in the future, and at least as well adapted for the recreation and enjoyment of coming generations as the old forest was for those which have passed away. The obvious course, and that which will at once occur to every one, is to plant this ground in some way or other. It was once all forest. It is as a forest that the whole domain is dedicated to the public; and it is the forest scenery which has always given to the entire district its peculiar charm. Our country still has wide tracts of common and of open wastes, as well as extensive enclosed woods, and parks, and plantations; but our genuine forests are few and far between. Undoubtedly, therefore, as forest or woodland of some kind this land should be restored; and the question we have to decide is, Of what kind?

Some may say, restore it as much as possible to its ancient state; plant it with oaks and beeches, with a sprinkling of elm, birch, and ash. This may be the easiest and the simplest, but it is certainly the least advantageous mode of dealing with the land. While these trees were growing—for a couple of generations at least—they would be utterly uninteresting woods, and even in the far distant future would hardly surpass many other parts of the forest, while they would increase the monotony which is its chief defect. Another plan would be, to make a mixed planting of choicer trees, shrubs, and evergreens, which would be more beautiful while growing, and would in time form a forest of a more diversified character. Or again, a regular arboretum might be formed, a great variety of trees, and especially choice pines and firs, being planted so as to form specimens. Either of these plans would at once possess some interest; but they would be utterly deficient in nov-

elty, or in that special and peculiar interest we should aim at, when we have to deal with such an extensive and varied area as the recovered portions of Epping Forest. We have already fine mixed plantations and woods, and many splendid arboreta; and at Kew we have in process of formation a magnificent collection of specimen trees which it would be out of place to attempt to imitate, while the expense would be far greater than almost any other kind of planting.

The plan I have now to propose is very different from all these. It is one which would be perfectly novel, perfectly practicable, intensely interesting as a great arboricultural experiment, attractive alike to the uneducated and to the scientific, not more expensive than any other plan, and perfectly in harmony with the character of the domain as essentially "a forest." It is, briefly, to form several distinct portions of forest, each composed solely of trees and shrubs which are natives of one of the great forest regions of the temperate zone.

In order to understand how interesting and how instructive this would be, and, especially, to how great an extent it would add to the variety and beauty of the scenery, while retaining to the fullest extent its character as a wild and picturesque woodland district, it will be necessary to give a brief sketch of the great forests of the north temperate zone, to point out their comparative richness, their distinctive characters, and their different styles of beauty; and in doing this I shall avail myself largely of the writings of the greatest authority on the subject, Professor Asa Gray, who has made the relations and origin of the various forest regions of the northern hemisphere the study of his life.

The two northern continents, America on the one side, Europe and Asia on the other, have each two great and contrasted forest regions, an eastern and a western; and in both cases the eastern is very rich, while the western is comparatively poor. The trees of our own country belong to the western or European forest region, which includes also the adjacent parts of western Asia. That region contains about eighty-five different kinds of trees (seventeen being conifers, or firs and pines), and of these only twenty-eight are really natives of Britain, about twenty being tolerably common, and forming the wild trees of our woods and wastes, with which we are all more or less familiar.

If we compare the European set of trees with that of the forest region of eastern America we find a wonderful difference. Instead of a total of eighty-five, we have there no less than one hundred and fifty-five different kinds of trees, and a large number of those are very distinct from those of Europe, constituting altogether new types of vegetation, many of which, however, we have long cultivated for ornament. Among these are magnolias, tulip-trees, red and yellow horse-chestnuts, the locust or common acacia, the honey-locust (a far handsomer tree), the liquidambar, the sassafras, the hickories, the catalpa, the butternut and black walnut, many fine oaks, the hemlock spruce, the deciduous cypress, and a host of others less generally known. Most of these differ from our native trees by their more varied and beautiful foliage, by many of them being flowering trees often of the most magnificent kind, and, what is equally important, by the glorious tints which a large proportion of them assume in autumn. Every one has heard of the rich autumnal tints in Canada and the United States as something of which our woods, beautiful as they are, give hardly any idea. Instead of the yellows and browns of our trees, there is in the American forest every tint from the richest scarlet and crimson to yellow, which, combining in endless varieties, give a splendor to the autumnal landscape which is worth a journey across the Atlantic to behold. The Virginia creeper, which drapes our house with a crimson mantle even amid the smoke of London, the red maple and the sumach of our shrubberies, give us some notion of these tints, but hardly any idea of the effect they produce when their colors are lavishly spread over a varied landscape. Most of the trees which acquire these brilliant hues grow as well with us as in their native country. Some American trees, strange to say, seem to grow even better, for the beautiful ash-leaved negundo is a small tree in its native country, rarely exceeding thirty feet high, while Loudon tells us that it grows to forty feet in England; the white maple reaches only forty feet in America and fifty feet here; and a similar difference occurs with many other trees. So favorable, indeed, is our climate to the growth of trees generally, that, according to Professor Asa Gray, we "can grow double or treble the number of trees that the United States can," although their native species are five times as numerous as ours!

There is therefore really no difficulty in

producing in England an almost exact copy of a North American forest, with all its variety of foliage, with its succession of ornamental flowers, and with its glorious autumnal tints; yet this has never been attempted either in this country or in any part of Europe. That many of these trees will reach noble dimensions there is no doubt whatever. A honey-locust (*Gleditsia triacanthos*) in Professor Owen's garden at Richmond Park was, in 1872, a magnificent tree nearly eighty feet high, and was then sixty years old. There is at Dorking a tulip-tree about the same size; while the many beautiful American oaks, maples, birches, and poplars, form noble forest trees in many of our parks and pleasure-grounds. Were such trees planted in masses, they would grow upwards more rapidly and produce a forest-like effect in from twenty to forty years; while from their varied foliage and general novelty of aspect, they would be both beautiful and interesting at a far earlier period.

Here, then, we may do something which has never been done before, which is sure to succeed (since it is only growing trees in masses which have already been grown singly), and which will ultimately produce a real addition to our landscape, while the individual trees will be a constant source of gratification and delight. As yet we have only mentioned the different kinds of trees, but North America is not less rich in beautiful shrubs to form an underwood to the forest or open patches here and there in its recesses. The rhododendrons, azalias, and kalmias, will grow as underwood wherever there is peat or loam, while the well-known snowberry, the aloë-like yucca, several fine spiræas, American blackberries, and many others, would grow anywhere.

Now let us suppose one of the most suitable of the open tracts recovered at Epping to be thus converted into an American forest, in which as many trees and shrubs peculiar to eastern North America as we know to be hardy, are planted in masses and variously intermingled. Such an experiment would excite interest at every stage of its growth. The paths and open glades intersecting it would be visited year after year to see how it was thriving, and this would necessarily lead many of its visitors to acquire an intelligent interest in the trees, and shrubs, and flowers of other lands. And as time rolled on, and one kind of tree after another arrived at its period of blossoming, and displayed each succeeding year in greater perfection its glowing autumnal tints, the "American

forest" would become celebrated far and wide, and would attract visitors who would never think of going to see the more homely beauties of a native woodland, and still less a young plantation of common trees.

Before proceeding to describe the other characteristic "forest pictures" which might be produced in the wilds of Epping, it will be well at once to answer an objection sure to be made, that the kind of planting here proposed, consisting wholly of foreign, and largely of rare trees and shrubs, would be very expensive. This, however, is a complete error. Many of the trees in question are certainly rather expensive when large specimens are purchased of nursery-men; but this is chiefly because there is so little demand for them, and they occupy ground and require attention for many years unprofitably. But nearly all these American trees could be raised from seed almost as cheaply as the very commonest kinds. The seeds could be obtained from their native country at a mere nominal cost; and by forming a nursery-ground, small at first, and increased year by year, in which to raise them, their removal at the most suitable age and season to the places which they were permanently to occupy would ensure rapid and vigorous growth. The great item of expense in forming any extensive plantation is labor, and this would be little if any more in growing one kind of tree than another, supposing both to be raised from seed and to be equally hardy. The question of expense cannot, therefore, be of importance, as compared with the vast difference in permanent results between the plan here advocated and that of the ordinary English wood, the mixed plantation, or the systematic arboretum. The latter, indeed, would be very much more expensive, because, few specimens being wanted, it would not be worth while raising them from seed, while an arboretum would require more weeding and pruning, as well as some amount of permanent gardening, which in a forest is unnecessary.

Another important feature of such a forest would be, that it would furnish reliable information as to what valuable timber trees may be profitably grown in this country. Among American trees the sugar-maple, hickory, tulip-tree, redwood, and locust, are well known as producing valuable timbers for special purposes; and there are many trees of eastern Europe and Asia equally valuable, which it might be profitable to grow largely. As, however, they have been hitherto almost al-

ways grown singly for ornament, we have been unable to test, either the rapidity of their growth under more natural conditions, or the quality of their timber at different ages; all which points would be determined, were they grown in quantity as here proposed, by the mere periodical thinnings-out necessary to encourage the free development of those that were to remain and form the permanent forest.

Passing now to the western or Californian coast of North America, we find another forest region, remarkably different from that of the Eastern States. It is characterized at once by extreme richness in coniferous trees, and what Professor Asa Gray terms its "desperate poverty" in deciduous kinds, of which it has only one-fourth as many as eastern America, and one-half as many as Europe.* Almost all the trees which are especially characteristic of eastern America are wanting, their place being chiefly supplied by peculiar species of oaks, maples, ashes, birches, and poplars, groups which are equally abundant on both sides of the Atlantic. When we turn to the coniferous trees, however, western America stands pre-eminent, possessing nearly twice as many different kinds as the Eastern States; and nearly three times as many as all Europe, while it exhibits the grandest, tallest, and most beautiful firs, pines, and cypresses in the world. Here we find the giant Wellingtonia and redwood, the magnificent Douglas fir, the exquisitely beautiful piceas, *nobilis* and *lasiocarpa*, such fine cypresses as *Lawsoniana* and *Lambertiana*, such unequalled pines as *insignis* and *macrocarpa*, the well-known handsome thujas, *gigantea* and *Lobbii*, and many others. These glorious trees form forests by themselves, surpassing in grandeur those of any other temperate land; and every one of these grows freely and rapidly with us (which they do not in eastern America), and, if grown under natural conditions, would probably attain nearly as great a size as in their native country. Their extreme beauty has, however, caused them to be almost always grown singly as specimens, and even thus the rapidity of their growth is often amazing. The Wellingtonia will reach twenty feet in ten years; the Douglas fir grows even more rapidly when young, and a specimen at Dropmore, fifty years old, is now more than a hundred feet high, while its branches, spreading on the ground, cover a space sixty-six feet in diameter. The beautiful

* Deciduous trees, 34 species; conifers, 44 species!

grass-green *Pinus insignis* at the same place reached sixty-eight feet high in thirty-four years; and were these trees planted in masses, so as to draw each other upward, and cause the lower branches to drop off as in their native forests, they would almost certainly grow even more rapidly, and the present generation might walk amid forests of these noble trees not much inferior to those which excite so much admiration on the mountains of California and Oregon.

Here, again, there is no question of success. The experiment has been made already for us hundreds of times over, and we have only to profit by it. These trees succeed well in every part of England without exception, and they would certainly not fail at Epping. An expanse of a hundred or two hundred acres covered with the coniferous trees of western America, planted in masses, groups, or belts, and with winding paths, broad glades, and occasional shrub-planted openings admitting of free access to every part of it, would probably be even more attractive than the forest of eastern America. For many of these trees are exquisitely beautiful objects in their young state, the varying colors of the under and upper surfaces of their foliage and the delicate tints of the new growth in summer, being especially remarkable. Their different rates of growth would soon cause some species to tower above others, and thus produce that charm of variety which is wanting where large areas are planted with trees which all grow at about the same rate.

The next forest type of which we should have an example, is that of eastern Europe and western Asia, containing all those interesting trees of the European forest region which are not natives of our own country. Here we should grow the various European pines and firs, including the symmetrical pinsapo of Spain, the well-known silver fir of the Alps, and the allied but more beautiful Nordman's fir of Russia. Here, too, we should have the nettle-tree, the Judas-tree, the flowering ash, the wild olive, the hop-hornbeam, the almost evergreen Neapolitan alder, and our old favorites the plane, the walnut, the laburnum, and the Portugal laurel. Along with these we should plant the many beautiful and often sweet-scented shrubs of the same districts—laurestinae, myrtles, Spanish broom, coronillas, cistuses, Mediterranean heaths, the favorite lilac, and the luscious *Philadelphus* or *syringa*. A smaller space would serve to exhibit these trees and shrubs in forest growth, as they

are less numerous and generally not of large size; but as they comprise so many of our garden favorites, the forest of eastern Europe would certainly be very attractive.

We now come to the most remarkable of all the forest regions of the temperate zone—that of eastern Asia and Japan. This forest is even richer than that of eastern America in deciduous trees, and at the same time richer than that of western America in conifers;* and, as it is only partially explored, while the others are well known, its comparative richness will certainly increase as future discoveries are made. We find here a number of the deciduous trees of eastern America represented by closely allied species, and, in addition, a number of altogether peculiar types. Among these are the well-known ailanthus, on the leaves of which silkworms are fed, and which grows with extreme rapidity; the beautiful paulownia, with flowers like those of a foxglove; the handsome *Sophora japonica*; and of smaller trees and shrubs, the winter-flowering *chimonanthus*, the crimson-flowered *japonica* which adorns our walls in early spring, the favorite *weigelia*, the yellow-flowered *forisythia*, the red-berried *aucuba*, and, last, but not least important for our purpose, the *camellia*. This glorious evergreen is really as hardy as the common laurel, and will grow out of doors in perfect health and vigor. Its beautiful flowers will, indeed, be often destroyed by the wet and frosts of our springs, but if a sunny bank in the midst of the protecting frosts were covered with these shrubs, they would blossom abundantly whenever we had a mild spring, and would then, indeed, be worth a walk to see; while at all times their splendid glossy green foliage would be a delightful spectacle.

Even more varied and more beautiful than the conifers of California are those of Japan and China, of which there are no less than forty-five species belonging to nineteen generic groups, many of which are altogether peculiar to this region. Here are the elegant *cryptomeria* and *retinosporas*, the remarkable *salisburia*, or ginkgo-tree, a pine with foliage like that of a gigantic maiden-hair fern, and the hardly less curious *sciadopitys*, or umbrella-pine. To these we may add the fine *cunninghamia*, the funeral cypress, and some interesting species of *arbor-vitæ*.

The space required for this Asiatic forest would not at first be large, as only the

* Deciduous trees, 123 species; conifers, 45 species.

most distinct and interesting species need be made use of, while many are not yet to be obtained in this country. Some of the Japanese trees grow slowly, but it is not improbable that when planted in greater quantities they might make more rapid progress. Anyhow the plants themselves are usually so peculiar and generally so beautiful, that in every stage of their growth they would be sure to prove attractive to the public.

We might, however, increase the extent of our Asiatic forest by adding to it another small piece of land in order to cultivate several beautiful plants which characterize the temperate regions of the higher Himalayas, among which are the favorite deodara, some beautiful maples, birches, and oaks, the elegant leycasteria, some fine berberies, rhododendrons, and other interesting plants.

There remain the temperate forests of the southern hemisphere, chiefly represented in Chili and Patagonia, in Australia, and in New Zealand, and comprising a number of very interesting plants, many of which will grow in this country. From Chili there is a peculiar pine, *libocedrus*, and the well-known *araucaria*, which when grown in avenues or masses produces a very grand effect. Many of our favorite shrubs come from this region, as the golden-balled buddlea, the lovely flowering evergreens, *escallonia* and *berberis*, and the pretty cross-leaved *veronica*. These would form exquisite flowering thickets to set off the stiff forms of the *araucarias*. From Australia and New Zealand more variety may be obtained, though comparatively few of the trees of these countries have yet been proved to be perfectly hardy. The common *Eucalyptus globulus*, celebrated as a remover of miasma, suffers much from the frost when young, but may possibly become hardier as it grows older. Other species of *eucalyptus* are much more hardy and more ornamental. One raised from seed by myself has, in an exposed situation, reached a height of twenty feet in five years, though once cut down by frost. Another mountain species raised at the same time, is only five feet high, but is perfectly hardy, the leaves being quite uninjured by frost, and it will probably grow into a lofty tree. Some of the *acacias* are also probably hardy, as they grow well and flower beautifully out of doors; but the most elegant of these southern trees are the *pittosporums* of New Zealand, which in five years have formed splendid bushes nearly six feet high and as much in diameter, with

delicate foliage of a pale green color which does not appear to suffer the least from any ordinary winter's frost. These will grow into small flowering trees fifteen or twenty feet high, having an appearance quite distinct from anything at present in cultivation. The celebrated *huon* pine of Tasmania is another fine tree of this region; and one of the *proteaceae* (*Lomatia longifolia*) has lived more than twenty years in a garden near London. These, with such shrubs as the white-flowered *leptospermum* and the purple *veronicas*, will form a group of plants well illustrating the beautiful evergreen woods of the southern hemisphere.

There remain still the climbing plants, which form a conspicuous ornament of all these forests, and many of which are quite as hardy as the trees they decorate. We might adorn our North American forest with festoons of the Virginia creeper and wild vine, while the red trumpet-creeper and the passion-flower of the Southern States would form beautiful objects, climbing over the bushes and among the branches of trees, and displaying their showy blossoms, which are hardly surpassed by the denizens of our hothouses. The Asiatic forest would in like manner be ornamented with lilac-flowered *climatises*, the Japan honeysuckle, the evergreen *banksian* rose, the winter-flowering yellow *jasmine*, and the glorious *wistaria*, the very queen of climbing plants. It is the opinion of some eminent horticulturists, that even the superb Chilean *Lapageria rosea* would grow freely out of doors in a suitable soil and situation, and it might well be tried in association with the trees and shrubs of the same country.

Quitting now that portion of Epping Forest which requires to be replanted, we find extensive tracts still more or less covered with wood, and which require, comparatively speaking, little to be done to them; but that little should be well considered and carefully executed. The preservation of "the natural aspect of the forest," as specially mentioned in the act of Parliament, should always be kept prominently in view, and this principle should influence the character of such foot-bridges, dams, banks, or other building or engineering works as may be found absolutely necessary. Every such work should be carefully studied, so as to be at once in harmony with the surroundings, permanent, and picturesque. Unpainted wood and stone, both as bold and substantial as possible, should alone be employed, brick

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being, whenever possible, avoided as both commonplace and unsightly. Wherever possible, earthwork or natural masses of rock should be used, so as to blend imperceptibly with the surrounding forest scenery. Among the works absolutely needed for the enjoyment of the forest are numerous footpaths; and these should be systematically laid out in connection with broader "rides" traversing the larger wooded tracts between well-marked points on either border, thus serving as a means of extricating any unfortunate tourist who may have lost his way. Grassy or shrubby openings might also be occasionally formed in the most densely wooded portions, such clear spaces being very pleasing, admitting air and sunshine, and forming agreeable contrasts. Trees which are any way remarkable for their age, size, or picturesque beauty should be cleared of surrounding thicket, so that they may be properly seen and admired; and this comprises nearly all that need be done here, beyond the ordinary forester's duty of keeping up a sufficient stock of healthy young trees to supply the place of those which die or are accidentally destroyed.

Among the powers conferred upon the conservators is that of draining where needed, and as very great misconception prevails on this subject a few remarks here may not be out of place. People have been so accustomed to hear "draining" spoken of as one of the greatest and most necessary of improvements, that they may not unnaturally think it equally necessary in a forest as in a farm or private estate. It is true that where some particular timber is to be grown for profit, draining may be necessary, but when you only require trees growing naturally, so as to produce beauty and variety, then every variety of soil and every degree of moisture are beneficial. Forests as a rule grow better in damp than in dry soils, and there is no ground so wet that some kinds of trees will not flourish in it. It is only necessary, therefore, to plant the right kinds of trees, and the wet places may be covered with wood even more quickly than the dry.

It must be remembered, too, that a proportion of bog and swamp and damp hollows, are essential parts of the "natural aspect" of every great forest tract. It is in and around such places that many trees and shrubs grow most luxuriantly; it is such spots that will be haunted by interesting birds and rare insects; and there alone many of the gems of our native flora may still be found. Every naturalist searches for such spots as his best hunting-

grounds. Every lover of nature finds them interesting and enjoyable. Here the wanderer from the great city may perchance find such lovely flowers as the fringed buck-bean, the delicate bog pimpernell and marsh campanula, the insect-catching sundew, and the pretty spotted orchises.* These and many other choice plants would be exterminated if, by too severe drainage, all such wet places were made dry; the marsh birds and rare insects which haunted them would disappear, and thus a chief source of recreation and enjoyment to that numerous and yearly-increasing class who delight in wild flowers, and birds, and insects, would be seriously interfered with.

There is also a wider and more general point of view from which it may be important to survey this question of drainage. Epping Forest lies within the area of scanty rainfall, which extends over much of the eastern part of England, and as its surface consists largely of gravel, the rain-water rapidly passes away, and thus tends to create an aridity not favorable to luxuriant vegetation. Now, every marsh and bog and swampy flat acts as a natural reservoir, retaining a part of the rainfall, and permanently moistening both the atmosphere and the surrounding soil. In order to improve the climate and foster the vegetation of the forest, it should be the object of its conservators to retain as much as possible of the rainfall water within the area under their jurisdiction. The forest streams might be dammed up at intervals, so as to form permanent ponds or lakes, by which means, combined with the natural reservoirs already alluded to, and aided by the check to evaporation which additional planting will produce, the forest itself and even the surrounding country would be permanently benefited. By extensive draining, on the other hand, water is carried away rapidly from the district, and with it much fertilizing matter; the climate is made dryer, and the growth of herbage as well as of trees and shrubs is rendered less luxuriant.

Coming back now to the general question of forest distribution in the northern hemisphere, many of my readers must have been struck by the singular unequal-

* Besides those above mentioned, the following rare or interesting marsh or bog plants inhabit Epping Forest: marsh St. John's wort (*Hypericum Elodes*), opposite-leaved golden saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*), red cranberry (*Vaccinium oxycoccos*), bladderwort (*Utricularia vulgaris*), water-violet (*Helotia palustris*), and the royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*), but this last is, perhaps, extinct.

ity and remarkable contrasts of the four great temperate forests of which we have proposed that illustrations should be grown at Epping. In a lecture recently delivered before the Harvard University Natural History Society, Professor Asa Gray has given an explanation of these contrasts, which will commend itself to all naturalists who know how important has been the agency of the glacial period in bringing about the existing relations between Alpine and Arctic plants.

Let us now first consider the remarkable difference between the forest vegetation of eastern America and that of Europe and western Asia. The latter area is the more extensive and more varied of the two, yet its trees, both deciduous and coniferous, are scarcely half as numerous or half as diversified. Why, we naturally ask, is America so rich? Professor Asa Gray answers, it is not America that is exceptionally rich, but Europe that is exceptionally poor. This is shown in two ways. Firstly, because America, rich as it is, is surpassed by eastern Asia; and, secondly, because Europe itself was formerly at least as rich as America is now. During the Pliocene or later Miocene periods, Europe possessed most of the generic groups of trees now confined to North America and east Asia, and was wonderfully rich in different kinds. The later Tertiary deposits of Switzerland alone have yielded, according to Professor Heer, two hundred and ninety-one species of trees and two hundred and forty-two shrubs, or far more than the present rich flora of eastern Asia added to the poorer one of Europe. It is true that this number includes the species of several distinct deposits of somewhat different ages. But in the beds of one single locality and period, at Eeninghen, the remains of nearly two hundred specimens of trees have been found; and it is in the highest degree improbable that all which lived there have been preserved, while it is certain that the flora of Eeninghen was not so rich as that of Switzerland, and was, *a fortiori*, very much poorer than that of Europe. Making, therefore, all necessary deductions for imperfect determinations of species, it is impossible to doubt that the kinds of trees inhabiting Europe in late Tertiary times were far more numerous and varied than they are now even in eastern Asia, which, as we have seen, is the richest part of the north temperate zone. Since the period of these deposits the climate of all these regions has greatly deteriorated, culminating in a glacial epoch which has only

recently passed away; and to this is naturally imputed the wonderful change from riches to poverty which has come over the woody plants of Europe. But we have still to ask, Why did not eastern America and eastern Asia become equally poor? And Professor Asa Gray has now answered that question for us in a very satisfactory manner.

We must first call attention to the fact that when Europe enjoyed a milder climate, with a rich and varied flora, there was also an abundant vegetation, very similar in character to that which now clothes our north temperate latitudes, extending northward to the Arctic circle and far beyond it. In Arctic America, in Greenland, and even in Spitzbergen, there have been found well-preserved remains of maples, poplars, birches, and limes, like those of Europe; of magnolias, hickories, sassafras, and Wellingtonias, like those of America; as well as of ginkgo trees and several other kinds now peculiar to Japan. The period when these Arctic woods flourished was no doubt earlier than that of the forests of Eeninghen (though both are usually termed Miocene), the northern plants having migrated southward owing to the lowering of the mean temperature. As the severer cold of the glacial epoch came on, the same species could only live by migrating still farther south; and then, when the cold period had passed away, they moved back again, and many of them now occupy the same countries as they did before the glacial epoch.

And now we arrive at the explanation of the exceptional poverty of Europe. If we look at a good map or large globe, we shall see that in North America the Alleghany Mountains run north and south, and the lowlands east and west of them extend uninterruptedly to Florida, to Texas, and to the Gulf of Mexico. There was, therefore, nothing to prevent the southward migration of the flora, and its northward return, when the mountains were covered with snow and ice. But in Europe the geographical conditions are very different. There is a great chain of mountains, the Alps and Pyrenees, running in an east and west direction, and farther south a great sea, the Mediterranean, also running east and west. As the glacial epoch came on, the icy mantle crept southward from the Arctic Ocean and downward from the mountain heights, thus preventing the plants of central Europe from migrating southward, and destroying all that were not capable of enduring a very severe climate, or which did not also exist south of

the Alps. But here, too, the Mediterranean prevented any southern migration; and being crowded into a diminished area between the mountains and the sea, many species must have perished. When the cold passed away, the survivors spread northwards and rapidly covered the whole country, but their greatly diminished numbers and the prevalence of a few hardy species over very wide areas, sufficiently attest the severe ordeal they have passed through.

The correctness of this explanation can hardly be doubted, more especially as it equally serves to explain the superior riches of eastern Asia. For here we find a far greater extent of northern land from which the existing forest trees originally came, and also a greater extent of southern lowlands extending uninterruptedly into the tropics, for them to retreat to during the period of cold. All the conditions were here favorable, first for the production and next for the preservation of a rich flora.

The poverty of western America in deciduous trees and its richness in conifers, Professor Asa Gray considers to be a more difficult and at present an insoluble problem. But here, too, a consideration of the physical character of the country suggests an intelligible explanation. Conifers are more especially mountain plants, while deciduous trees abound most in the lowlands. Now in north-west America there is a vast stretch of mountains from the extreme north to the far south, and no extensive lowlands—exactly the reverse of what obtains in eastern America, where the lowlands are vastly more extensive than the mountains. Conifers, therefore, most likely always abounded most on the western side of the continent, and during their enforced southern migrations always found suitable mountain habitats. The deciduous trees, on the other hand (always, probably, few in number), were many of them exterminated in their migrations first southward and again northward, for want of suitable places of growth, or were overpowered by the greater vigor of the competing coniferous trees.

Turning again to eastern Asia we find a combination of both these conditions. Ample mountain ranges traverse every part of it from the Arctic circle to the tropics, but these are everywhere interrupted by great river-valleys and extensive plateaus of moderate elevation, thus offering equally favorable conditions for the preservation of both kinds of trees; and here we accordingly still find the richest and most

perfectly balanced woody vegetation of the north temperate zone.

The marvellous history that we have here sketched in the merest outline, teaches us that our own country has been denuded of its proper share of wild trees and shrubs by a great natural catastrophe—the glacial epoch—which destroyed them just as a hurricane or a conflagration might have destroyed them, only more gradually, and at the same time more thoroughly. In replanting the same or similar trees as those which inhabited Europe before the glacial period, we may be said to be only bringing back our own, and again clothing our land with those forest denizens which at no very distant epoch it actually possessed.

Returning again to the more special subject of this paper, I would remark, in conclusion, that the preservation and restoration of Epping Forest is a matter of wide and even of national interest. The method of procedure now decided on will determine its condition for generations to come, and our successors will not forgive us if, for want of due consideration, we fail to make the most of the great opportunity which here offers itself. Whatever is now done will be practically irreversible. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that those who have given thought to the subject, or who possess experience bearing upon it, should now make their views known, in order that conflicting suggestions may be submitted to the ordeal of free criticism, and lead to the adoption of a plan worthy of the occasion, and which we may not at some future time have reason to regret.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A CRISIS.

LOTTIE scarcely knew how she got through that afternoon. Rollo presented himself for but a moment at the signor's, in great concern that he could not stay, and begged a hundred pardons with his eyes, which he could not put into words. Lady Caroline and Augusta had made an engagement for him, from which he could not get free. "At the elm-tree!" he whispered in the only moment when he could approach Lottie. Her heart, which

was beating still with the mingled anger, and wonder, and fright of her late encounter, sank within her. She could only look at him with a glance which was half appeal and half despair. And when he went away the day seemed to close in, the clouds to gather over the very window by which she was standing, and heaven and earth to fail her. Rollo's place was taken by a spectator whose sympathy was more disinterested than that of Rollo, and his pity more tender; but what was that to Lottie, who wanted only the one man whom she loved, not any other? What a saving of trouble and pain there would be in this world if the sympathy of one did as well as that of another! There was poor Purcell turning over the music, gazing at her with timid eyes full of devotion, and longing to have the courage and the opportunity to offer her again that 'ome which poor Lottie so much wanted, which seemed open to her no where else in the whole world. And on the other side stood Mr. Ashford, without any such definite intention as Purcell, without any perception as yet of anything in himself but extreme "interest in," and compassion for this solitary creature, but roused to the depths of his heart by the sight of her, anxious to do anything that could give her consolation, and ready to stand by her against all the world. The minor canon had been passing when that scene took place in the hall of Captain Despard's house with its open door. He had heard Polly's loud voice, and he had seen Law rush out, putting on his hat, and flushed with unusual feeling. "I don't mind what she says to me as long as she keeps off Lottie!" the young man had said; and careless as Law was, the tears had come to his eyes, and he had burst forth, "My poor Lottie! what is she to do?" Mr. Ashford's heart had been wrung by this outcry. What could he do?—he was helpless—an unmarried man; what use can he ever be to a beautiful, friendless girl? He felt how impotent he was with an impatience and distress which did not lessen that certainty. He could do nothing for her, and yet he could not be content to do nothing. This was why he came to the signor's, sitting down behind backs beside Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who distracted him by much pantomimic distress, shaking her head and lifting up her hands and eyes, and would fain have whispered to him all the time of Lottie's singing had not the signor sternly interfered. ("Sure these musical folks they're as big tyrants as the Rooshians themselves," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said indig-

nantly.) This was all the minor canon could do—to come and stand by the lonely girl, though no one but himself knew what his meaning was. It could not be any help to Lottie, who was not even conscious of it. Perhaps, after all, the sole good in it was to himself.

Lottie had never sung so little well. She did not sing badly. She took trouble; the signor felt she tried to do her best, to work at it, to occupy herself with the music by way of getting rid of things more urgent which would press themselves upon her. In short, for the first time Lottie applied herself to it with some faint conception of the purposes of art. To have recourse to art as an opiate against the pangs of the inner being, as an escape from the harms of life, is perhaps not the best way of coming at it, but the signor knew that this was one of the most beaten ways towards that temple which to him enshrined everything that was best in the world. It was perhaps the only way in which Lottie was likely to get at it, and he saw and understood the effort. But it could not be said that the effort was very successful. The others, who were thinking only of her, felt that Lottie did not do so well as usual. She was not in voice, Purcell said to himself; and to the minor canon it seemed very natural that after the scene which she had just gone through poor Lottie should have but little heart for her work. It was easily explained. The signor, however, who knew nothing of the circumstances, came to the most true conclusion. The agitation of that episode with Polly would not have harmed her singing, however it might have troubled herself, had Lottie's citadel of personal happiness been untouched. But the flag was lowered from that donjon, the sovereign was absent. There was no inspiration left in the dull and narrowed world where Lottie found herself left. Her first opening of vigorous, independent life had been taken from her, and for the first time the life of visionary passion and enthusiasm was laid low. She did not give in. She made a brave effort, stilling her expected nerves, commanding her depressed heart. The signor himself was more excited than he had been by all the previous easy triumphs of her inspiration. Now was the test of what she had in her. Happiness dies, love fails, but art is forever. Could she rise to the height of this principle, or would she drop upon the threshold of the sacred place incapable of answering to the guidance of art alone? Never before had he felt the same anxious interest

in Lottie. He thought she was groping for that guidance, though without knowing it, in mere instinct of pain to find something that would not fail her. She did not rise so high as she had done under the other leading, but to the signor this seemed to be in reality Lottie's first step, though she did not know it, on the rugged ascent which is the artist's way of life. Straight is the path and narrow is the way in that, as in all excellence. The signor praised her more than he had ever praised her before, to the surprise of the lookers-on; the generous enthusiasm of the artist glowed in him. If he could, he would have helped her over the roughness of the way, just as the minor canon, longing and pitiful, would have helped her if he could over the roughness of life. But the one man was still more powerless than the other to smooth her path. Here it was not sex, nor circumstances, which were in fault, but the rigid principles of art, which are less yielding than rocks; every step, however painful, in that thorny way the neophyte must tread for herself. The signor knew it; but the more his beginner stumbled, the more eager was he to cheer her on.

"I am afraid I sang very badly," Lottie said, coming out with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and the minor canon, who went along with them he scarcely knew why. He could do nothing for the girl, but he did not like to leave her—to seem (to himself) to desert her. Only himself was in the least degree aware that he was standing by Lottie in her trouble.

"Me child, you all think a deal too much about it. It was neither better nor worse; that's what I don't like in all your singing. It may be fine music, but it's always the same thing over and over. If it was a tune that a body could catch—but it's little good the best tune would have been to me this day. I didn't hear you, Lottie, for thinking what was to become of you. What will ye do? Will you never mind, but go back? Sure you've a right to your father's house whatever happens, and I wouldn't be driven away at the first word. There is nothing would please her so well. I'd go back!"

"Oh, don't say any more," cried Lottie with a movement of sudden pride. But when she caught the pitying look of the minor canon her heart melted. "Mr. Ashford will not be angry because I don't like to speak of it," she said, raising her eyes to him. "He knows that things are not—not very happy—at home."

Then Mr. Ashford awoke to the thought that he might be intruding upon her. He

took leave of the ladies hurriedly. But when she had given him her hand, he stood holding it for a minute. "I begin to like Law very much," he said. To feel that this was the way in which he could give her most pleasure was a delicate instinct, but it was not such a pleasure as it would have been a month ago. Lottie did not speak, but a gleam of satisfaction rose in her eyes. "If there is anything I can do," he said faltering, "to be of use—"

What could he do? Nothing. He knew that, and so did she. It was only to himself that this was a consolation, he said to himself when they were gone. He went away to his comfortable house, and she, slim and light, turned to the other side of the Abbey, with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, with nowhere in the world to go to. Was that so? was it really so? But still he, with that house of his, a better home than the one which young Purcell was so eager to offer to her, what could he do? Nothing; unless it were one thing which had not before entered his thoughts, and now, when it had got in, startled him so, that middle-aged as he was, he felt his countenance turn fiery red, and went off at a tremendous pace, as if he had miles to go. He had only a very little way to go before he reached his own door, and yet he had travelled more than miles between that and the dwelling of the signor.

As for Lottie, she went home with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, not knowing what she was to do after. The elm-tree—that was the only place in the world that seemed quite clear to her. For a moment, in the sickness of her disappointment to see Rollo abandon her, she had said to herself that she would not go; but soon a longing to tell him her trouble came upon her. After the Abbey bells had roused all the echoes, and the usual congregation had come from all quarters for the evening service, she left Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and went slowly towards the slopes. It was still early, and the wintry afternoon was cold. There was an east wind blowing, parching the landscape, and turning all its living tints into lines of grey. Lottie was not very warmly clothed. She had her merino gown and little cloth jacket, very plain garments, not like the furs in which Augusta had come home; but then Lottie was not used to living like Augusta, and perhaps her thinner wrap kept her as warm. She went up the Dean's Walk languidly, knowing that it was too early, but unable to rest. She would have to go home after all, to steal in and hide herself in her room for this night at least; but after that, what

was she to do? The O'Shaughnessys had not a room to give her. She had no relations whom she might go to; what was to become of her? When she got to the elm-tree there was nobody there. She had known it was too early. She sat down and thought, but what could thinking do? What could she make of it? She looked over the wide landscape which had so often stilled and consoled her, but it was all dead and unresponsive, dried up by that east wind; the earth and the sky, and even the horizon on which they met, all drawn in pale outlines of grey. Her face was blank and pale like the landscape, when the lover for whom she was waiting appeared. The wind, which was so cold, had driven everybody else away. They had it all to themselves, this chilly wintry landscape, the shadowy trees with a few ragged garments of yellow or faded brown still clinging to them. Rollo came up breathless, his feet ringing upon the winding path. He came and placed himself beside her with a thousand apologies that she should have had to wait. "It was a trick of Augusta's," he said; "I am sure she suspects something." Lottie felt that this repeated suggestion that some one suspected ought not to be made to her. But her paleness and sadness roused Rollo to the most hearty concern. "Something has happened," he said; "I can see it, darling, in your eyes. Tell me what it is. Have not I a right to know everything?" Indeed he was so anxious and so tender that Lottie forgot all about offence and her disappointment, and everything that was painful. Who had she beside to relieve her burdened heart to, to lean upon in her trouble? She told him what had happened, feeling that with every word she uttered her load was being lightened. Oh! how good it is to be able to say forth everything, to tell some one to whom all that happens to you is interesting! As she told Polly's insults, even Polly herself seemed to grow more supportable. Rollo listened to every word with anxious interest, with excitement, and indignation and grief. He held her closer to him, saying, "My poor darling, my poor Lottie!" with outbursts of rage and tender pity. Lottie's heart grew lighter and lighter as she went on. He seemed to her to be taking it all on his shoulders, the whole of the burden. His eyes shone with love and indignation. It was not a thing which could be borne; she must not bear it, he would not allow her to bear it, he cried. Finally a great excitement seemed to get possession of

him all at once. A sudden impulse seized upon him. He held her closer than ever, with a sudden tightening of his clasp, and hasty resolution. "Lottie!" he cried; and she could feel his heart suddenly leap into wild beating, and looked up trembling and expectant, sure that he had found some way of deliverance. "Lottie, my love! you must not put up with this another day. You must come away at once. Why not this very night? I could not rest and think you were bearing such indignity. You must be brave and trust yourself to me. You will not be afraid, my darling, to trust yourself to me?"

"To-night!" she said with a cry of answering excitement, alarm, and wonder.

"Why not to-night?" he cried with more and more energy. "I know a place where I could take you. A quiet, safe place, with people to take care of you, who would not suffer you to be annoyed even when I was not there myself to watch over you. Lottie, dearest, you would not be afraid to trust yourself to me?"

"No, Rollo, why should I be afraid? — but —" The suddenness of this prospect of deliverance, which she did not understand, took away Lottie's breath.

"But — there are no buts. You would be taken care of as if you were in a palace. You would have everything to make your life pleasant. You could work at your music —"

"Ah!" she said, interrupting him: his excitement roused no alarm in her mind. She was incapable of understanding any meaning in him that was inconsistent with honor. "Would it be so necessary to think of the music?" she said. It seemed to her that for Rollo Ridsdale's wife it need not be any longer a point essential. A host of other duties, more sweet, more homely, came before her dazzled eyes.

"Above all things!" he said with a sudden panic, "without that what would you — how could I!" — the suggestion was insupportable — "but we can discuss this after," he said. "Lottie, my Lottie, listen! Trust yourself to me — let me take you away out of all this misery into happiness. Such happiness! I scarcely can put it into words. Why should you have another day of persecution, when you can be free if you will this very night?"

His countenance seemed aflame as he bent towards her in the wintry twilight; she could feel the tumultuous beating of his heart. It was no premeditated villainy but a real impulse, acted upon, with-

out a y pause for thought, with that sudden and impassioned energy which is often more subtle than the craftiest calculation. Even while his heart beat thus wildly with awakened passion, Rollo answered the feeble resistance of his conscience by asking himself what harm could it do her? it would not interfere with her career. As for Lottie, she raised herself up within his arm and threw back her head and looked at him, not shrinking from him nor showing any horror of the suggestion. There was a pause—only for a moment, but it felt like half an hour, while wild excitement, love, and terror coursed through his veins. Surely she understood him, and was not alarmed? If she had understood him and flung away from him in outraged virtue, Rollo would have been abject in guilt and penitence. For the moment, however, though his heart beat with alarm, there was a sense of coming triumph in all his being.

Lottie raised her drooping shoulders, she threw back her head and looked at him, into the glowing face that was so close to her. Her heart had given one answering leap of excitement, but was not beating like his. At that moment, so tremendous to him, it was not passion but reflection that was in her eyes.

"Let me think—let us think," she said. "Oh, Rollo! it is a great temptation. To go away, to be safe with you—"

"My darling, my own darling! you shall never have cause to fear, never to doubt me; my love will be as steady, as true—" So high had the excitement of suspense grown, that he had scarcely breath to get out the words.

"Do you think I doubt that?" she said, her voice sounding so calm, so soft to his excited ear. "That is not the question; there are so many other things to think of. If you will not think for yourself, I must think for you. Oh, Rollo, no! I don't see how it could be. Listen to me; you are too eager, oh! thank you, dear Rollo, too fond of me, to take everything into consideration—but I must. Rollo! no, no; it would never do; how could it ever do, if you will only think? Supposing even that it did not matter for me, how could you marry your wife from any place but her home? It would not be creditable," said Lottie, shaking her head with all the gentle superiority of reason, "it would not be right or becoming for you."

His arm relaxed round her; he tried to say something, but it died away in his throat. For the moment the man was conscious of nothing but a positive pang of

gratitude for a danger escaped; he was safe, but he scarcely dared breathe. Had she understood him as he meant her to understand him, what vengeance would have flashed upon him, what thunderbolt scathed him! But for very terror he would have shrunk and hid his face now in the trembling of the catastrophe escaped.

"More than that, even," said Lottie going on all unawares; "I have nothing, you know; and how could I take money—*money to live upon—from you!*—till I was married to you? No! it is impossible, impossible, Rollo. Oh, thank you, thank you a thousand times for having thought more of me than of anything else; but you see, don't you see, how impossible it is? I will never forget," said the girl softly, drawing a little closer to him who had fallen away from her in the strange tumult of failure—yet deliverance—which took all strength from him, "I will never forget that you were ready to forget everything that was reasonable, everything that was sensible, and even your own credit, for me!"

Another pause, but this time indescribable. In her bosom gratitude, tender love, and that sweet sense of calmer judgment, of reason less influenced by passion than it would be fitting or right for his to be, which a woman loves to feel within herself—her modest prerogative in the supreme moment; in his a tumult of love, disappointment, relief, horror of himself, anger, and shame, and the thrill of a hairbreadth escape. He could not say a word; what he had done seemed incredible to him. The most tremendous denunciation would not have humbled him as did her unconsciousness. He had made her the most villainous proposal, and she had not even known what it meant; to her it had seemed all generosity, love, and honor. His arm dropped from around her, he had no force to hold her, and some inarticulate exclamation—he could not tell what—sounded hoarsely in utter confusion and shame in his throat.

"You are not angry?" she said, almost wooing him in her turn. "Rollo, it is not that I do not trust you, you know; who should I trust but you? If that was all, I would put my hand in yours, you should take me wherever you pleased. But then there are the other things to be considered. And, Rollo, don't be angry," she said, drawing his arm within hers, "I can bear anything now. After talking to you, after feeling your sympathy, I can bear anything. What do I care for a woman like that? Of course I knew," said Lottie,

with tears in her eyes, "that you did feel for me, that you thought of me, that you were always on my side. But one wants to have it said over again to make assurance sure. Now I can bear anything, now I can go home—though it is not much like home—and wait, till you come and fetch me, Rollo, openly, in the light, in the day."

Here, because she was so happy, Lottie put her hands up to her face and laid those hands upon his shoulder and cried there in such a heavenly folly of pain and blessedness as words could not describe. That he should not claim her at once, that was a pain to her; and to think of that strange, horrible house to which she must creep back, that was pain which no happiness could altogether drive out of her thoughts. But yet, how happy she was! What did it matter if for the moment her heart was often sore? A little while and all would be well; a little while and she would be delivered out of all these troubles. It was only a question of courage, of endurance, of fortitude, and patience; and Lottie had got back her inspiration, and felt herself capable of bearing anything, everything, with a stout heart. But Rollo had neither recovered his speech nor his self-possession; shame and anger were in his heart. He had not been found out, but the very awe of escape was mingled with intolerable anger; anger no doubt chiefly against himself but also a little against her, though why he could not have said. The unconsciousness of her innocence, which had impressed him so deeply at first and confounded all his calculations, began to irritate him. How was it possible she did not understand? was there stupidity as well as innocence in it? Most people would have had no difficulty in understanding, it would have been as clear as noonday—or, rather, as clear as gaslight; as evident as any "intention" could be. He could not bear this superiority, this obtuseness of believing; it offended him, notwithstanding that he had made by it what he felt to be the greatest escape of his life.

They parted after this not with the same enthusiasm on Rollo's part as that which existed on Lottie's. She was chilled, too, thinking he was angry with her for not yielding to his desire, and this overcast her happiness, but not seriously. They stole down by the side of the Abbey, in the shadow—Lottie talking, Rollo silent. When they came within sight of the cloister gate and the line of the lodges opposite, Lottie withdrew her hand from his arm. The road looked empty and dark,

but who could tell what spectator might suddenly appear. She took his rôle in the eagerness of her heart to make up to him for any vexation her refusal might have given. "Don't come any further," she whispered; "let us part here; some one might see us." In her eagerness to make up to him for her own unkindness, she allowed the necessity for keeping that secret—though to think of it as a secret had wounded her before. Nevertheless, when he took her at her word and left her, Lottie, like the fanciful girl she was, felt a pang of disappointment and painfully realized her own desolateness, the dismal return all alone to the house out of which every quality of kindness had gone. Her heart sank, and with reluctant, lingering steps she came out of the Abbey shadow and began to cross the Dean's Walk, her forlorn figure moving slowly against the white line of the road and the grey of the wintry sky.

Some one was standing at the door as she came in sight of her father's house. It was Captain Despard himself, looking out. "Is that you, Lottie?" he called out, peering into the gloom. "Come in, come in; where have you been? You must not stay out again, making everybody anxious." Then he came out a step or two from his door and spoke in a whisper: "You know what a woman's tongue is," he said; "they have a great deal to answer for; but when they get excited, what can stop them? You must try not to pay any attention; be sensible, and don't mind—no more than I do," Captain Despard said.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FAMILY DUTY: ACCORDING TO MRS. DESPARD.

THERE are some victories which feel very much like defeats. When Polly had scattered her adversaries on every side, driven forth Lottie and got rid of Law, and silenced Captain Despard—who sat in his room and heard everything but thought it wisest not to interfere—she retired upstairs to her drawing-room and celebrated her triumph by shedding torrents of tears. She had intended to make everybody very wretched, and she had done so; supposing, perhaps (though she did not really know what her motive was), that some pleasure would come to herself out of the discomfiture of the others. But pleasure rarely comes by that means, and when she had thus chased everybody out of her way, Polly threw herself down and burst forth into angry sobs and tears. It is not to be

supposed that Captain Despard entertained any romantic illusions about his bride; he knew very well what Polly was. He had, as facts proved, been sufficiently fond of her to marry her, but he did not expect of her more than Polly could give, nor was he shocked to find that she had a temper and could give violent utterance to its vagaries; all this he had known very well before. Knowing it, however, he thought it wise to keep out of the way and not mix himself up in a fray with which evidently he had nothing to do. Had she gone a step further with Lottie it is possible that he might have interfered, for, after all, Lottie was his child; and though he might himself be hard upon her at times, there is generally a mingled sentiment of family pride and feeling which makes us unwilling to allow one who belongs to us to be roughly treated by a stranger. But when Law put himself in the breach, his father sat close and took no notice; he did not feel impelled to turn his wife's batteries upon himself out of consideration for Law. Nor did it make any impression upon the captain when he heard her angry sobs overhead. "She will come to if she is left to herself," he said, and he did not allow himself to be disturbed. Polly, in her passion, threw herself on the carpet, leaning her head upon a chair. She had changed the room after her own fashion. She had lined the curtains with pink muslin, and fastened her crochet-work upon the chairs with bows of pink ribbon; she had covered the old piano with a painted cover, and adorned it with vases and paper flowers. She had made the faded little room which had seemed a fit home enough, in its grey and worn humility, for Lottie's young beauty, into something that looked very much like a dressmaker's ante-room, or that terrible chamber, "handsomely fitted up with toilet requisites," where the victims of the photographic camera prepare for the ordeal. But the loveliness of her handiwork did not console Polly; she got no comfort out of the pink bows, nor even from the antimacassars—a point in which Lottie's room was painfully deficient. She flung herself upon the carpet and sobbed. What was the use of being a lady, a chevalier's wife, and living here in the heart of the Abbey, if no one called upon her or took any notice of her? Polly was not of a patient nature; it did not occur to her even that there was still time for the courtesies she had set her heart upon gaining. She had looked every day for some one to come, and no one had ever come; no one had made any advances to

her at the Abbey, which was the only place in which she could assert her position as a lady and a chevalier's wife. Even Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who had risen from the ranks, who lived next door, who was not a bit better, nay, who was much less good than Polly to begin with (for what is a trooper's wife? and she had been nothing but a trooper's wife)—even Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had passed the door as if she did not see it, and had waited outside till Miss Lottie came to her. Polly's dreams had been very different. She had seen herself in imagination the admired of all admirers; she was by far the youngest of all the chevalier's wives, and the gentlemen, at least, she was sure would rally round her. Women might be spiteful, but men always did justice to a woman when she was handsome and young. Was not that written in all the records? She expected that the ladies would be spiteful, *that* would be indeed a part of her triumph. They would be jealous of her superior attractions, of her youth, of her husband's adoration of her; the old things would be in a flutter of alarm lest their old men should come within her influence. But Polly had felt pretty sure that the old gentlemen would admire her and rally round her. To make the women envious and the men enthusiastic, was not that always the way? Certainly such was the course of events in the *Family Herald*. The heroine might have one friend devoted to her fortunes, a confidant more admiring, more faithful even than her lover; but all the rest of womankind was leagued against her. And so it had been in most of the novels Polly had read. But that neither men nor women should take any notice, that was a thing for which she was not prepared, and which she declared to herself she would not bear.

She had seen enough already from her windows to make her furious. She had seen Mrs. O'Shaughnessy ostentatiously waiting for Lottie, walking up and down outside, making signs to the girl up-stairs. She had seen Captain Temple pass and repass, looking up at the same window. She had seen the greetings that met Lottie wherever she appeared. The chevaliers and their wives had not always looked upon Miss Despard with such favorable eyes. They had thought her proud, and they had resented her pride; but now that Lottie was in trouble it was round her they had all rallied. It was the party at the Deanery, however, which had been the last drop in Polly's cup. How was she to know that on the highest elevation she

could reach as the lady of a chevalier, she was still beneath the notice of Lady Caroline, and as far as ever from the heaven of the highest society? Polly did not know. The elevation to which she herself had risen was so immense in her own consciousness that there seemed no distinction of ranks above her. She thought, as Lottie had once thought, though from a different point of view, that gentlefolks were all one; that a gentleman's wife, if not so rich or so grand, was still on a level with Lady Caroline herself, and within the circle which encompassed the queen. "You can't be no better than a gentleman," Polly said to herself. You might, it was true, be a lord, which some people thought better, but even a lord was scarcely above an officer. All this glorious ambition, however, what was it going to end in? She watched the carriages going to the Deanery, and with still more furious feelings she watched Lottie in her white dress crossing the Dean's Walk. And she left at home, at the window, neglected, left out, though she was Mrs. Despard, and the other nobody! Was it possible that it might be better even to be a dressmaker, forewoman in the workroom, acknowledged to have the best eye for cutting out, and to be the quickest worker of the lot, superior so far among her equals — than to be ignored and neglected and treated as the dust under their feet by a set of poor gentlefolks? Polly felt that she must wreak her vengeance on somebody.

When she had got her fit of crying over accordingly, she jumped up to her feet and hurried to her room to put on her "things." It was her "best things" that she put on. Indeed, Polly had been wearing her best things every day with an extravagance which rather touched her conscience though it delighted her fancy. She made herself very fine indeed that wintry afternoon, and pattered down-stairs upon a pair of high heels which were more splendid than comfortable, and burst into the little room where Captain Despard sat attentive to all these sounds, and wondering what was coming next. Few people realize the advantage of a silly wife to a man who is not over wise. The captain, though he had a high opinion of himself, was aware at the bottom of his heart that other people scarcely shared that sentiment. And to have a wife whom he was fond of, and whose acquisition flattered his vanity, and who was unmistakably, though clever enough, less clever, less instructed, than he was, gave him a sense of superiority which was very pleasant to

him. He looked upon her follies with much more indulgence than he had ever felt for Lottie, who did not give him the same consolation.

"Well, what is it now?" he said, with a smile.

"I want you to come out with me," Polly said. "I want to buy some things. My old muff is shabby, I couldn't wear it in the Abbey. Though they're a set of old frights and frumps, I don't wish your wife to be looked down upon by them, Harry. I can see them looking at all my things, counting up what everything costs, and whispering behind my back. That old Mrs. Jones has trimmed her bonnet exactly like mine, though she looks as if she was too grand to see me. They ain't above copying me, that's one thing."

"No wonder," said the admiring husband; "for it is long since anything so young and so handsome has been among them before. Don't they wish they could copy your face as well as your bonnet! that's all."

"Oh, get along!" said Polly, well pleased; "you're always flattering. Come and buy me a muff. I don't know what kind to get. Grebe is sweetly pretty and ermine is delicious, but sealskin, perhaps, is the most genteel; that always looks ladylike. Did you see Mrs. Daventry go by in her carriage? Ah!" Polly sighed; how could she help it? She was very fine in her blue silk, but Augusta was finer. "She has just come from France, you know, and then, of course, they are rich. She had on a velvet with sable *that* deep! Ah! it's hard to see folks that are no better than you with things that are so much better," cried Polly; "but, after all, though velvet and sable are very nice, give me sealskin — that's always ladylike. A sealskin jacket, if I had that, I don't think there is anything more I should wish for in the world."

"Are they very dear?" said the captain, with a sudden fit of liberality. He had a native love of buying, which is very general with impecunious persons, and at present was in a prodigal mood.

"Dear! Oh, not for the good they are," said Polly. "You never want another winter mantle all your life. You're set up. That makes them cheap in the end; but they cost a deal of money. I haven't seen nobody with one in all the Abbey, except the canon's ladies."

"Then you shall have one!" said Captain Despard. He looked like a prince, Polly thought, as he stood there glowing with generous purpose. The sound of the

"O—oh!" with which she received the offer rang through the lodges. Such a shriek of pleasure had not been heard there since there had been chevaliers in St. Michael's. They went out together, all beaming, arm in arm, the bride clinging fondly to her husband, the captain looking down with delighted protection upon his bride. This sight, which is so pretty in some cases, and calls forth, if much amusement, often a great deal of sympathy, roused anything but friendly feelings in the lodges, where the good people were getting ready for the afternoon service. Old fool was the best name they had for the bridegroom, though he was not very old; and Polly was a grievance which the ladies could not tolerate. They looked after her from their windows with feelings which were far from Christian. It was a thing they ought not to have been exposed to. There should have been an appeal to the queen, if the gentleman had the least energy. "But even the queen, bless her, could not keep a man from marrying," the warden said deprecatingly. He did not like it any more than they did; but it is only when you are yourself of the executive that you know the difficulties of action; that is why the ladies are such critics—they have not got it to do.

Captain and Mrs. Captain Despard (Polly had got beautiful glazed cards printed stiff and strong with this title upon them) walked down to the best shop in St. Michael's, which is a very good shop indeed; and there they bought a *beautiful sealskin*. Impossible to tell the pride, the happiness, the glory with which Polly acquired this new possession. She had not expected it. These were the days when sealskins were still a hope, a desire, an aspiration to the female mind, a property which elevated its possessor, and identified her among her peers. "That lady with the sealskin," who would think of pointing out anybody by so general a description now? are they not even going out of fashion? But Polly, for one, could not realize the possibility that such a thing could ever happen. And she had not anticipated such a bliss; the happiness was doubled by being unforeseen. This, indeed, was a proof of the blessedness of being a married lady, of having bettered herself, of having married a gentleman. Her mind was in a confusion of delight. Nevertheless she did not forget that she had come out with another and quite distinct purpose. The fact that she had herself been so fortunate did not turn her from her mission. Was it not more her duty than ever to do every-

thing that could be done for her husband's family? When she had decided upon her sealskin, Polly began to shiver. She said, "It is a very cold day. I don't know why it should be so cold so early in the year. Don't you think it is very cold, Harry? I have come out without any wrap. Do you know I think I will put the sealskin on." Why should not she? The proprietor of the shop accomplished the sale with a pang. He knew Captain Despard well enough and he knew Polly, and he trembled when he thought of his bill. But what could he be but civil? He put it on for her—though how any ordinary sealskin could have covered a bosom so swelling with pride and bliss it is hard to say. And the pair went out together as they came in, except that one was almost speechless with the proud consciousness of drawing all eyes. "It is not the appearance," said Polly, "but it is so deliciously warm; there never was anything like it. And now I am set up. I shall not cost you any more for a winter cloak, not for years and years." "I thought you said it was to last forever," said the captain, equally delighted. They promenaded all the way down St. Michael's hill, the admired of all beholders. If the remarks that were made were not precisely such as Polly hoped, still there was no doubt that remarks were made by everybody, and that the sealskin had all the honor it deserved. Sometimes, indeed, there would be a bitter in the sweet, as when the captain took off his hat with jaunty grace to some lady whom he knew. "Who is that?" Polly would ask sharply; but the ladies all hurried by, and never stopped to be introduced; and no man took off his hat to Polly. Even against this, however, the happiness that wrapped her round defended Mrs. Despard. And how the people stared!—people who had seen her going up and down with a little bundle of patterns on her way to her work, on her way to try on a dress—people in the shops, who had been her equals if not her superiors—to see them gazing out at her with big eyes, at her fine sealskin and her fine husband, that comforted her soul. She walked slowly, getting the full good of her triumph. But when she had got to the foot of the hill she dismissed her escort. "Now you may go," she said; "you always had plenty to do in the old days. I don't want you to say / tie you to my apron-string. You may go now."

"This is a pretty way to dismiss your husband," said Captain Despard; "and where are you going, may I ask, that you send me away?"

"Oh, I will tell you fast enough. I am not going anywhere you can disapprove of. I am going to see the girls," said Polly, "that is all."

"The girls! My love, you must recollect," said Captain Despard with dignity, "that the girls, as you call them, are not fit companions for you."

"You may trust me to know my place," said Polly, "and to keep them in theirs. I should think you may trust *me*."

Fortified by this assurance, the captain left his lovely bride. He turned back to kiss his hand to her when he was half way up the hill, prolonging the sweet sorrow of the parting, and Polly blew him a kiss with infantine grace. It was "as good as a play." "Lord, what fools they are!" said the fishmonger on the hill, who was a cynic; and the young ladies in the draper's shop shook their heads at each other and said, "Poor gentleman!" with the profoundest commiseration.

When he had left her, Polly threw out her skirts and smoothed the fur of her lovely new coat with a caressing hand. She felt that she loved it. It was more entirely delightful than even her husband — a happiness without alloy. She walked very slowly, enjoying every step of the way. She gave a penny to the beggar at the corner in the fulness of her satisfaction. So far her happiness had evidently a fine moral influence on Polly; and she was going to pay a visit which was also very kind, to "the girls" in the River Lane. She was not one to forget old friends. She sailed along in her pride and glory through the quarter where she was so well known, and curved her nostrils at the smells, and allowed disgust to steal over her face when her path was crossed by an unlovely figure. Polly flattered herself that she was a fine lady complete; and there was no doubt that the imitation was very good in the general, so long as you did not enter into details.

At the entrance of the River Lane, however, she ceased to stand upon ceremony with herself. She picked up her skirts and went on at a more business-like rate of speed. Some one was coming up against the light, which by this time of the afternoon came chiefly from the west, some one with his shoulders up to his ears, who took off his hat to Polly, and pleased her until she perceived that it was only Law. "You here!" she said, and as she looked at him the moral influence of the sealskin almost vanished. Thus she went in state to visit the scenes in which so much of her previous life had passed. But a new sen-

timent was in Polly's eyes. She felt that she had a duty to do, a duty which was superior to benevolence. She pushed open the green swing door with a delicious sense of the difference. The girls were talking fast and loud when she opened the door, discussing some subject or other with all the natural chatter of the work-room. There was a pause when the sound of her heels and the rustle of her silk was heard — a hush ran round the table. How well Polly knew what it meant! "They will think it is a customer," she said to herself, and never customer swept in more majestically. They were all at work when she entered, as if they did not know what it was to chatter, and Ellen rose respectfully at the first appearance of the lady.

"Mother is up-stairs, ma'am, but I can take any orders," she said; and then with a shriek cried out "Polly!"

"Polly!" echoed all the girls.

Here was a visitor indeed. They got up and made a circle round her, examining her and all she "had on." "In a sealskin!" 'Liza and Kate cried in a breath, with an admiration which amounted to awe. One of them even put forth her hand to stroke it in her enthusiasm. For an instant Polly allowed this fervor of admiration to have its way. Then she said languidly, —

"Give me a chair, please, and send Mrs. Welting to me. I wish to speak to Mrs. Welting. I am sorry to interrupt your work, young ladies — it is Mrs. Welting I want to see."

"But, Polly!" the girls cried all together. They were too much startled to know what to say. They stood gaping in a circle round her.

"I thought you had come to see us like a friend — like what you used to be."

"And weren't we all just glad to see you again, Polly — and quite the lady!" cried another. They would not take their dismissal at the first word.

"Young ladies," said Polly, "I've not come in any bad spirit. I don't deny as I've passed many a day here. My family (though always far above the dressmaking) was not well off, and I shall always be thankful to think as I did my best for them. But now that I'm married, in a different position," said Polly, "though always ready to stand your friend, when you want a friend, or to recommend you among the Abbey ladies, you can't think as I can go on with you like you were in my own sphere. Where there's no equality there can't be no friendship. Perhaps you would

mind opening a window? It's rather early to put on my sealskin, but one never knows at this time of the year—and I'm 'eated with my walk. Send Mrs. Welting to me, please."

There was a great commotion among the girls. The two passive ones stood with open mouth, struck dumb by this magnificence.

"Lor!" cried Kate, finding no other word that could express her emotion.

Emma, though she was the youngest, was the most vehement of all. "I know what she's come for. She's come to make mischief," cried Emma. "I wouldn't fetch mother. I wouldn't go a step. Let her speak straight out what she's got to say."

"There's reason in everything," said Ellen. "You mayn't mean to keep us up like friends. Just as you like, I'm sure; none of us is wanting to keep it up; but mother takes no hand in the business, and that you know as well as me."

"Send Mrs. Welting to me," cried Polly, waving her hand majestically. She did not condescend to any further reply. She leaned back on her chair and unfanned her beloved mantle at the throat. Then she got out a laced handkerchief and fanned herself. "Me that thought it was so cold," Polly remarked to herself, "and it's like summer!" She did not pay any further attention to the young women, who consulted together with great indignation and excitement at a little distance.

"What can she have to say to mother? I wouldn't call mother, not if she was to sit there for a week," said Emma, who had a presentiment as to the subject of the visit.

"Lord! just look at her in her sealskin," interrupted Kate, who could think of nothing else.

But Ellen, who was the serious one, paused and hesitated. "We can't tell what it may be—and if it turned out to be a job, or something she had got us from some of the Abbey ladies! She's not bad-natured," said Ellen, full of doubts.

All this time Polly waved her handkerchief about, with its edge of lace, fanning herself. She looked at no one—she was too much elevated above all the associations of the place to deign to take any notice. Had not she always been above it? With her disengaged hand she smoothed the fur of her sealskin, rubbing it knowingly upward. She was altogether unconscious of their talk and discussion. What could they have in common with Mrs. Despard? To see her, if any of her former associates

had been cool enough to notice it, was still "as good as a play."

The upshot was, that while the others with much ostentation of dragging their seats to the other end of the table, sat down and resumed their work with as much appearance of calm as possible, Ellen ran up-stairs in obedience to her own more prudent suggestions, and reappeared shortly with her mother, a large, comely woman, who, not knowing who the visitor was, was a little expectant, hoping for a very good order—a trousseau, or perhaps mourning. "Or it might be the apartments," Mrs. Welting said. And when she entered the workroom she made the lady a curtsy, then cried out, as her daughters had done, "Why, bless my heart, Polly! The idea of taking me in like this, you saucy things," she cried, turning, laughing, upon the girls. But she did not get any response from these indignant young women, nor from Polly, who made no reply to her salutation, but sat still, delicately fanning herself.

Mrs. Welting stood between the two opposed parties, wondering what was the matter. Since Polly was here, she could have come only in friendship. "I'm sure I'm very glad to see you," she said, "and looking so well and so 'andsome. And what a lovely sealskin you've got on."

"Mrs. Welting," said Polly, with great dignity, taking no notice of these friendly remarks, "I asked for you because I've something to say that is very particular. You don't take much charge of the business, but it is you as one must turn to about the girls. Mrs. Welting, you mayn't know, but there's goings on here as always gave me a deal of annoyance. And now I've come to tell you they must be put a stop to. I never could endure such goings on, and I mean to put a stop to them now."

"Lord bless us!" said Mrs. Welting. She was really alarmed. She gave a glance round upon her girls, all bursting with self-defence, and made them a sign to be silent. Then she turned to her visitor with a mixture of anxiety and defiance. "Speak up, Polly," she said; "nobody shall say as I won't listen, if there's anything against my girls; but speak up, for you've gone too far to stop now."

"How hot it is, to be sure," said Mrs. Despard, "in this close bit of a place! I wish some one would open a window. I can't think how I could have put up with it so long. And I wonder what my 'usband would say if he heard me spoke to like that! I thought you would have the sense

to understand that I've come here for your good. It wasn't to put myself on an equality with folks like you, working for your living. I don't want to be stuck up, but a lady must draw the line somewhere. Mrs. Welting, I don't suppose you know it—you ain't often in the workroom—it would be a deal better if you was. There's gentlemen comes here, till the place is known all over the town; and there is one young gentleman as I take a deal of interest in as makes me and his papa very uneasy all along of coming here——"

"Gentlemen! coming here!" cried Mrs. Welting, looking round upon her daughters with mingled anger and dismay.

"I know what I'm talking about," said Polly; "let them contradict me if they dare. He comes here mostly every day. One of the girls is that silly as to think he's after her. After her! I hope as he has more sense; he knows what's what a deal too well for that. He takes his fun out of them—that is what he does. But you may think yourself what kind of feelings his family has—the captain and me. That's the one that encourages him most," Mrs. Despard added, pointing out Emma with her finger. "She is always enticing the poor boy to come here."

"Oh, you dreadful, false, wicked story!" cried Emma, flushed and crying. "Oh, mother, it ain't nothing of the kind. It was she as brought him first. She didn't mind who came when she was here. She said it was no harm, it was only a bit of fun. We was always against it—at least Ellen was," added the culprit, bursting forth into sobs and tears.

"Yes, I always was," said Ellen, demurely. It was not in human nature not to claim the palm of superior virtue; "but it was not Emma, it was Polly that began. I've heard her argue as it was no harm. She was the first with the captain, and then when young Mr. Despard——"

"I am not going to sit here, and listen to abuse of my family," said Polly, rising. "I wouldn't have mentioned no names, for I can't abide to have one as belongs to me made a talk about in a place like this. I came to give you a warning, ma'am, not these hardened things. It isn't for nothing a lady in my position comes down to the River Lane. I've got my beautiful silk all in a muddle, and blacks upon a white bonnet is ruination. I did it for your sake, Mrs. Welting, for I've always had a respect for you. And now I've done my Christian duty," said Polly, with vehemence, shaking the dust from her blue silk. "There's them that talk about it, like

that little Methody Ellen, but there ain't many that do it. But don't let anybody suppose," she cried, growing hotter and hotter, "that I mean to do it any more! If you let him come here after this, I won't show you any mercy—we'll have the law of you, my 'usband and I. There's laws against artful girls as entice poor innocent young men. Don't you go for to think," cried Mrs. Despard, sweeping out while they all gazed after her, speechless, "because I've once done my Christian duty that I'm going to do it any more!"

We will not attempt to describe the commotion that followed—the reproaches, the tears, the fury of the girls betrayed, of which none was more hot than that of Ellen, who had to stand and hear herself called a Methody, she who was conscious of being an Anglican and a Catholic without blemish, and capable of anything in the world before Dissent.

Polly sailed up the hill, triumphant in that consciousness of having done her duty as a Christian, but equally determined not to do it any more; and what with the consciousness of this noble performance, and what with the sealskin, found it in her power to be almost agreeable to her stepdaughter, when the captain, who, after all, was Lottie's father, and did not like the idea that his girl should be banished from his house, had met her and brought her in.

"She has not had the careful bringing up that you have had, my child," the captain said. "She hasn't had your advantages. You must have a little patience with her, for my sake." Captain Despard had always been irresistible when he asked tenderly, with his head on one side, and an insinuating roll in his voice, that anything should be done for his sake.

Lottie, who was happy in the sense of her lover's readiness to sacrifice everything for her sake (as she thought), and to whom the whole world seemed fairer in consequence, yielded without any struggle, while Polly, on her part, put on her most gracious looks.

"If you take every word I say for serious," said Polly, "I don't know whatever I shall do. I never was used to have my words took up hasty like that. I say a deal of naughtiness that I don't mean—don't I, Harry? You and me would never have come together, should we, if you'd always gone and taken me at my word?" And so the reconciliation was effected, and things went on as before. There was no similar occurrence in respect to Law, whose looks at Polly were murderous; but

then Law had no delicacy of sentiment, and whatever had happened would have come into his meals all the same.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FAMILY DUTY: BY A FINER ARTIST.

ROLLO did not come away from the strange excitement of that interview on the slopes with the same feelings which filled the mind of Lottie. The first intense sensation of shame with which he had realized the villany of the proposal which Lottie did not understand soon changed into a different sentiment. He had felt its guilt, its treacherous cruelty, under the guise of devotion, far more bitterly and intensely than if she had understood and denounced him; and the relief of his escape from an indignation and horror which must have been as overwhelming as the confidence, had made him feel how great a danger he had run, and how terrible to him as well as to her would have been the discovery of his base intention. How could he ever think that Lottie, proud, and pure, and fearless of evil as she was, could have fallen into such a snare! He felt himself a fool as well as a villain; perceiving, too, by the light of fact, what he would not have understood in theory, that the very uncomprehension of innocence makes guilt contemptible as well as terrible. If she could have understood him, he would scarcely have felt so mean, so miserable, so poor a creature as he did now; not even a gay and fine betrayer, but a pitiful cheat and would-be criminal, false to everything that nature trusts in. Rollo had not been irreproachable hitherto, but such sins as he had indulged in had been done among those who were sinners like himself, among people who had a cynical comprehension of the worth of promises and the value of vows. He had never tried that *rôle* of the seducer before, and the fact that his own shame and horror were real, made them all the more hard to bear. Shame, however, of this bitter kind is not an improving influence. Soon it began to turn to anger equally bitter. He tried to think that Lottie was partly to blame, that she had "led him on," that he never would have gone so far but for "encouragement" from her. Even it flashed across his mind that she was not so unconscious as she appeared, but had pretended ignorance in order to rivet her chains upon him, and force him to the more honorable way which was so much more for her interest. He tried to force

this idea into his own mind, which was not sufficiently depraved to receive it; but yet it was not long before he was angry, irritated against the girl who would not understand him, and sore with the humiliation she had inflicted unawares.

Other influences, too, came in to break the purer spell of honorable love under which Rollo, to his own surprise, had so entirely fallen. With the return of Augusta and her husband the world seemed to have come back and seized him. Even the society of Augusta, of itself, had an immediate influence, breaking up the magic of the seclusion in which he had been content to live. Lady Caroline was not a woman who could be called unworldly, but she was passive, and did not take any initiative even in the way of gossip. She liked to hear it; there came a little gleam of interest to her eyes when the stories of the great world were brought to her, when she was told who was going to marry who, and by what schemes and artifices the marriage had been brought about; and who had most frequently and boldly broken the marriage vow, and by whom it had been most politely eluded; and how everybody lived and cheated, and nothing was as it seemed; and all that is done for money, and that is done for pleasure, in that busy, small, narrow-minded village society—which is the world. But though she loved to hear, she could not begin, for unless people told her what was going on, how, she sometimes asked piteously, was she to know? As for the dean, he was not in the habit of it any more than his wife, though when he went to town he would bring down invariably a piece of news from his club—of somebody's appointment, or somebody's good luck, or somebody's wedding. "Now, why can't you go and do likewise?" he would say to Rollo. But all this was mild and secondary in comparison with Augusta, who brought the very air of what Mr. Jenkins calls the upper ten into the Deanery, perfuming all the rooms and all the meals with stories of fortunes won and lost, of squabbles, ministerial and domestic, of marriages and dinners alike "arranged," and all the wonderful *dessous des cartes* and *behind the scenes* with which so many people are acquainted in fashionable life. Who so well as Augusta knew that when the Duke of Mannering gave up his governorship, it was not from any political reason, but because the life he led was such that the place was far too hot to hold him, and Government was only too

glad to send out Algy Fairfax, though he was only a younger son, and had no particular interest, simply to smooth things down? And what a lucky thing it was for Algy to be there just at the right moment, when there was nobody else handy, and just when Lord Arthur was there, who had got him to explain matters to his elder brother, and knew what he could do? It was what old Lady Fairfax had been scheming for all his life, just as she had been scheming to catch young Snellgrove for Mina. Of course she had succeeded. Mina was almost distracted, every body knew. It was she who had that affair with Lord Colbrookdale, and now everybody said she was wildly in love with Reginald Fane, her cousin; but she might just as well be in love with St. Paul's, for he had not a penny; and she was to be married directly. Did you hear about her settlements? They were simply ridiculous. But that old woman was wonderful. There was nothing she did not think of, and everything she wanted she got. And then there was that story about poor young Jonquil of the war department, who married somebody quite out of the question, a poor clergyman's daughter, or something of that sort, without a penny (though he might have had the rich Miss Windsor Brown for the asking, people said), and of the dreadful end he had come to, living down in some horrid weedy little cottage about Kew, and wheeling out two babies in a perambulator. All these tales, and a thousand more, Augusta told, filling the Deanery with a shameful train of people, all doing something they did not want to do, or forcing others to do it, or following their pleasure through every law, human and divine. Lady Caroline sat in her easy-chair (she was not allowed to put up her feet, except in the evening, after dinner, when Augusta was at home), and listened with half-closed eyes, but unflinching attention. "I knew his father very well," she would say now and then, or "His mother was a great friend of mine." As for Rollo, he knew all the people of whom these stories were told. He had seen the things beginning of which his cousin knew all the conclusions, and what went on behind the scenes; and thus he was carried back after the idyll of the last six weeks to his own proper world. He began to feel that there was no world but that, that nothing else could make up for the want of it; and a shudder ran over him when he thought of Jonquil's fate. Augusta, for her part, did not conceal her surprise to

find him at the Deanery. "What is Rollo doing here?" she said to her mother.

"I am sure, my dear, I do not know. He seems to like it, and we are very glad to have him," Lady Caroline replied. But that did not satisfy Mrs. Daventry's curiosity. What could a young man of fashion, a man of the world, do here?

"I wonder what he is after," she said; "I wonder what his object can be. It can't be only your society and papa's. I should just like to know what he is up to. He is not a fool, to have gone and got entangled somehow. I wonder what he can mean by it!" Augusta cried; but her mother could give her no idea. Lady Caroline thought it was natural enough.

"I don't see that it is so strange," she said. "Autumn is a terrible time. To sleep in a strange bed night after night, and never settle down anywhere. Rollo likes to be comfortable; and then there is this Miss Despard. You have heard about Miss Despard?"

"What about Miss Despard?" Augusta said, pricking up her ears.

"She is to be the prima donna," said Lady Caroline. "He thinks she will make his fortune. He has always got some wild scheme in his head. He used to annoy me very much to have her here —"

"And did you have her here?" cried Augusta, roused into sudden excitement. "Oh, why didn't I know of it! I thought there must be some reason. Lottie Despard! And were you obliged to have her here, mamma? What a bore it must have been for you!"

"I did not like it, my dear," her ladyship said. But after a while she added, conscience compelling her, "She sang very nicely, Augusta; she has a pretty voice."

"She has plenty of voice, but she cannot sing a note," said Augusta, with vehemence, who was herself, without any voice to speak of, a very well-trained musician. She would not say any more to frighten Lady Caroline, but she took her measures without delay. And the result of Augusta's inquiries was that Rollo found his feet entangled in a web of engagements which separated him from Lottie. But though he was sore and angry, he had not given up Lottie, nor had he any intention so to do. When, however, the day came for Lottie's next lesson, Mrs. Daventry herself did the signor the honor of calling upon him just before his pupil appeared. "You know the interest I always took in Lottie. Please let me stay. We have so many

musical friends in town that I am sure I can be of use to her," Mrs. Daventry said; and the consequence was that when Lottie and her companion entered the signor's sitting room, the great chair between the fire and the window in which Mrs. O'Shaughnessy usually placed herself was found to be already occupied by the much greater lady, whose sudden appearance in this cordial little company put everybody out. Augusta sat leaning back in the big chair, holding a screen between her cheek and the fire, her fine Paris bonnet, her furs, and her velvet making a great appearance against the dark wall, and her smiles and courtesy confounding every individual of the familiar party. She was more refined, far less objectionable than Polly, and did her spiriting in a very different way; but there could be little doubt that the fine artist was also the most effectual. She put the entire party out, from the least to the greatest, though the sweetest of smiles was on her face. Even the signor was not himself with this gracious personage superintending his exertions. He was a good English Tory, of the most orthodox sentiments; but he was at the same time an impatient Italian, of despotic tastes, and did not easily tolerate the position of second in his own house. Rollo, who had determined to be present, whatever happened, but who, by a refinement of cruelty, did not know his cousin was coming, came in with all the ease of habit, and had already betrayed the fact of his constant attendance at these strange lessons, when Augusta called to him, covering him with confusion. "We shall be quite a family party," she said. "I am so glad you take an interest in poor Lottie too." Rollo could not but ask himself what was the meaning of this sudden friendliness and interest; but he was obliged to place himself by her side when she called him. And when Lottie came in, at whom he did not dare to look, his position became very uncomfortable. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, finding her seat occupied, and herself compelled to take a lower place, sat down on a chair near the door, with wrath which made her countenance flame. She had stood up in the room a minute before she seated herself, looking round for a more comfortable place, and had greeted Mr. Ridsdale joyously as an old friend. But even Rollo, usually so polite, who never saw her without doing his very best to make himself agreeable, even he never attempted to introduce her to his cousin, and the good woman sat down accordingly,

against the wall, silent and fuming, while Augusta took the chief place. The stranger in the midst of them turned the whole party upside down. Even Purcell was so occupied by the conversation that was kept up in whispers by Augusta, in her corner, even during the singing, that he missed to turn the leaves at the proper moment. Augusta knew very well what she was doing. She had a respect for the signor, but she had higher purposes in hand. She kept Rollo by her side, and kept up a conversation with him through all, which was like her usual conversation, deeply pervaded by the essence of society and "the upper ten." She kept it up in a whisper when Lottie began to sing. "Don't you think she is handsome? She is a little like Lady Augustus Donjon about the eyes—don't you think so? Oh, I never told you that good story about the Augustus Donjons," said Mrs. Daventry; and she told her story, all through the song, half audible.

"Wasn't it good?" Augusta said; and then, "That is such a pretty song; and Lottie, you are so improved, I should never have known it to be the same voice. Yes, wasn't it good, Rollo? Augustus Donjon is always the first to laugh himself, and even the children have got it in the nursery. She is such a jolly woman, she never minds. What are we going to have next? Oh, that will be very nice," said Augusta.

Was it wonderful that Purcell should lose the place? The young fellow did all he could to stop the fine lady with furious glances; and the signor, though his back was turned to her, felt the whisper and the indignity run through every nerve of him. Even in his back you could see, Purcell thought, how horribly annoyed he was. His sensitive shoulders winced and shuddered, his elbows jerked. He could not attend to his accompaniment, he could not attend to his pupil. In the very midst of a song he said aloud, distracted by the s's of a whisper which was louder than usual, "This must never happen again." As for Lottie, she did not know what she was doing. She sang—because it was the hour for her lesson, because she found herself standing there by the side of the signor's piano—but not for any other reason. She had neither inspiration, nor had she that nascent sense that art might perhaps console for other losses which she had once felt when Rollo was away. She was distracted by the whispering behind her, from which she could not withdraw

her attention. Why did he listen? Why did he allow Augusta to draw him into unfaithfulness to her? And yet, how could he help it! Was it not all Augusta's fault? But with whomsoever the fault lay, Lottie was the victim. Her voice could not be got out. And the reader knows that Augusta was right—that this poor girl, though she had the voice of an angel, did not as yet know how to sing, and had no science to neutralize the impressions made upon her which took away all her heart and her voice. She went on making a brave fight; but when once the signor faltered in his accompaniment, and said loud out, "This must never happen again," and when Purcell forgot to turn the page, what is it to be supposed Lottie could do, who was not the tenth part of a musician such as they were? She faltered, she went wrong. Tune she could not help keeping, it was in her nature: even her wrong notes were never out of harmony; but in time she went wildly floundering, not even kept right by the signor. Even that did not matter very much, seeing that none of these people, who generally were so critical, so censorious, so ready to be hard upon her out of pure anxiety for her, were in a state of mind to perceive the mistakes she was making. And it was only vaguely that Lottie herself was aware of them. Her whole attention was attracted in spite of herself by the whispering in the corner.

"Oh, thank you so much," Augusta broke forth, when she came to an end. "What a charming bit that is! It is Schubert, of course, but I don't know it. The time was a little odd, but the melody was beautiful."

"You know my weakness," said the signor stiffly, turning round. "I cannot answer for myself when people are talking. I am capable of doing anything that is wrong."

"Oh, I remember," cried Mrs. Daventry; "you used to be very stern with all our little societies. Not a word were we allowed to say. We all thought it hard, but of course it was better for us in the long run. And are you as tyrannical as ever, signor?"

"Not so tyrannical since ladies come here, and carry on their charming conversation all the same. I only wish I could have profited by it. It seemed amusing and instructive. If I were not unhappily one of those poor creatures who can only do one thing at a time——"

"Oh, signor, how very severe you are!"

said Augusta. "I was only telling my cousin some old stories which I am sure you must have heard weeks ago. You know the Donjons? No! Oh, I thought everybody knew the Augustus Donjons. They go everywhere; they have friends in music and friends in art, and you meet all sorts of people at their house. Lottie, when you are a great singer, I hope you will remember me, and send me cards now and then for one of your concerts. There are so many things going on now, and all so expensive, that people in our circumstances really can't do everything. Spencer has stalls where we go when there is anything particular, but I assure you, nowadays, one can no more afford a box at the opera—— You know, signor; but I daresay your friends always find you places somewhere."

"That is true. If everything else fails, a friend of mine who plays second violin will lend me his instrument," said the signor, "or a box-keeper now and then will be glad of an evening's holiday. They are *blasés*, these people. They do not care if Patti sings. They will rather have a holiday and go to a music-hall."

Augusta looked at her cousin, puzzled. She did not see the irony. After all, she thought, there was not, perhaps, so very much difference between a musician and those perfectly gentlemanlike people who showed you to your box or your stall. She had often thought how nice they looked. The signor saw her bewilderment, and added, with a smile, "You have never recognized me in my borrowed part?"

"Oh, signor!—certainly not. I never meant to say anything that would suggest—to imply anything that might—indeed, I hope you will not think I have been indiscreet," cried Augusta. "But, Rollo, we must go, we must certainly go. I told mamma you would come with me to see the old Skeffingtons. Spencer is away, and I must return their call. Signor, I do hope you will forgive me. I meant nothing that was disagreeable. I am sure we are all put to worse straits than that, in order to get a little amusement without ruining ourselves. Oh, Rollo, *please* come away."

Rollo had snatched an instant as Lottie gathered her music together. "It is not my fault," he said. "She never lets me alone. I did not know she was coming here to-day. Do not put on that strange look."

"Have I a strange look?" Lottie said. "What ups and downs were hers!—the

other day so triumphant, and now again so cast down and discouraged. The tears were standing in her eyes, but she looked at him bravely. "It does not matter," she said; "perhaps she does not mean it. It takes away my heart, and then I have not any voice."

"Oh, my love!" he whispered under his breath. "And I must put up with it all. At the elm-tree, dear, to-night."

"Oh, no, no," she said.

"Why no, no? It is not my fault. Dear, for pity—"

"What are you saying to Miss Despard, Rollo? I am jealous of you, Lottie, my cousin never comes to my lessons. And, indeed, I wonder the signor allows it. It is very delightful for us, but how you can work, really *work* with such a train!" Augusta turned round and looked severely at Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "If I were the signor I should not admit one creature except your maid."

But this was an indignity which mortal could not endure. The kind Irishwoman rose to her feet as quickly as the low chair would permit. "And, sure, I agree with the lady," she said. "Lottie, me love, I can bear a deal for you, and I've stood your friend through thick and thin, as all here knows. But come again to the signor's, I won't, not if you were to go down on your knees—unless he gives his word of honor that them that hasn't a scrap of manners, them that don't know how to behave themselves, that whispers when you're singing, and interrupts when you're speaking, will never be here again to insult you—at least not when Mistress O'Shaughnessy's here."

Leaving this fine outburst of indignation to vibrate through the room, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy turned upon her heel, and grasping Lottie by the arm, took the *pas* from Augusta, and marched out with blazing eyes and countenance flushed with war. "Ye can bring the music," she said to old Pick, who had been listening, and whose disappointment at Lottie's breakdown was great, "and there'll be a shilling for you. I'd scorn to be beholden to one of them." Rollo made an anxious attempt, but in vain, to catch Lottie's eyes as she was swept past him. But Lottie would not return his glance. Augusta had done a great deal more execution with her subtle tactics than Polly with hers—which, perhaps, were not more brutal because they were so much less refined.

"What an odious woman!" Augusta cried; "walking out of the room before me. But, Rollo, she was quite right, though she was so impudent. You ought

not to go there. Mamma says you want Lottie Despard for your new opera. She would never do. She has a voice, but she doesn't know how to sing. A good audience would never put up with her."

"That is all a mistake," said Rollo; "it may be very well to know how to sing, but it is much better to have a voice."

"I could not have supposed you were so old-fashioned; never say that in public if you want any one to have any opinion of you. But even if you are so sure of her you should keep away, you should not interfere with her training. The fact is," said Augusta very seriously, "I am dreadfully afraid you have got into some entanglement even now."

"You are very kind," said Rollo, smiling, "to take such care of me."

"I wish I could take a great deal more care. I am almost sure you have got into some entanglement, though of course you will say no. But, Rollo, you know, you might as well hang yourself at once. You could never hold up your head again. I don't know what on earth would become of you. Uncle Courtland would wash his hands of you, and what could any of your friends do? It would be moral suicide," said Augusta, with solemnity. "I told you about young Jonquil, and the state he was in. Rollo! that's the most miserable thing that can happen to a man; other things may go wrong, and mend again; your people may interpose, or a hundred things may happen; but this sort of thing is without hope. Oh, Rollo, take it to heart! There are many things a man may do that don't tell half so much against him. You would be poor, and everybody would give you up. For goodness' sake, Rollo, think of what I say."

He gave her an answer which was not civil, and, as he went along by her side to old Canon Skeffington's, there suddenly gleamed across his mind a recollection of the elm-tree on the slopes, and all the sweetness of the stolen hours which had passed there. And Lottie had said "No." Why should she have said "No"? It seemed to him that he cared for nothing else so much as to know why for this first time she had refused to meet him. Had she begun to understand his proposition? had she found out what it was he meant? Was she afraid of him, or indignant, or— But she had not looked indignant. Of all things in the world, there was nothing he wanted so much as to know what Lottie meant by that refusal. Yet, notwithstanding, he did take to heart what Augusta said.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AMONG THE BURMESE.

V.

It is a mortifying discovery which nowadays overtakes the Indian officer who returns to his native land after a ten years' absence, laden with costly and beautiful samples of Oriental workmanship, gold, ivory, and sandalwood, shawls, tapestries, and brocade, when in his first walks through the streets of London he finds exposed in every great thoroughfare, in endless variety, the very counterparts of the treasures with which he has thought to surprise and gratify his friends; for sale too at a price probably below what he has himself paid in the land of their production. From this mortification the officer who has been stationed in Burmah is still almost entirely free, for it is only necessity, as a rule, which brings Europeans to the obscure province separated by a five days' sea voyage from the most eastern Indian port, and out of the direct line from India to China; while it is only within very recent years that the country has been brought into direct steam communication with England.

Bowls and vases of silver or gold of Burmese workmanship have begun to find their way into the windows of English silversmiths, but the traveller who turns aside to visit Burmah may still bring home a cargo of strange and beautiful things of native manufacture, of which he will find no duplicates even in the curiosity-shops.

Not to speak of the rubies of upper Burmah, of which the king of Ava carefully guards the monopoly nor of illuminated books, palmleaf MSS., images and other garniture of the Buddhist monastery, a variety of handicrafts indigenous to the province will supply him with a multiplicity of ornamental and other work in many materials—embossed drinking-cups of pure silver and gold, others of silver finely enamelled, necklaces, bracelets, and earrings of characteristic design, swords and knives of shapes peculiar to the country, with sheaths of silver or of wood lashed with bands of knotted cane, lacquer boxes and vessels of a hundred forms, caskets of polished tin the product of local mines, samples of wood carving and ivory carving, of weaving and embroidery in silk and cotton; and if to these are added specimens of costume and of household and other ware, handkerchiefs, petticoats, and curtains, ornaments of amber and glass, bells and gongs, umbrellas, lanterns, and fans, with models of buildings, boats,

and human figures to illustrate the whole, a museum might almost be furnished with the special products of Burmese workmanship.

It would be an error indeed to suppose that the stranger has only to land in the country to surround himself at once with the best samples of native work. Any one who has visited India knows how difficult it is in an Eastern country to obtain the finest workmanship of whatever kind. Let alone the wearisome bargaining which is inevitable before the smallest purchase is effected, the most valuable specimens are often not to be had at all except through personal interest; fixed prices are absolutely unknown, and it is often necessary to give an order months before you hope to see the result, and then to be prepared to pay for it a truly fancy price. How far the same difficulties follow the traveller from India to Burmah will be seen in the course of the following sketch of some of the most prominent manufactures of the latter province.

Of all Burmese manufactures that of lacquer ware is perhaps the most characteristic of the country, and of the most universal application. The shallow circular rice-dish from which the Burmese family meal is taken in common, is invariably of polished lacquer; and there is no household in the land, from highest to lowest, no boat on the rivers, no monastery in the remotest jungle, but is provided with its drinking-cups, betel-boxes, clothes-boxes, and dishes of the same material in varying qualities of texture and design.

And an excellent material it is for domestic use: with the same polished surface as china, it is as easily kept clean, while it has the advantage of being both lighter and much less fragile; impervious to air or damp, it serves admirably to keep provisions from insects and clothes from mildew, and for all such purposes lacquer boxes are in universal use. The stranger who lands at Rangoon and would see a display of this manufacture should ask his way to Edwards Street—no great distance from the landing-place. There, down the length of a quiet thoroughfare, in shop after shop open to the street, he may contemplate an array of lacquer boxes, dishes, trays, cups, and other vessels of every size and shape, in rows and masses of red, green, gold, yellow, and black, many of the shapes being unique. Common, however, as the manufacture is, the English stranger who walks into any of the numerous lacquer-shops will not find it the simple matter he would suppose to provide him-

self with the finest samples. Such are the strange notions of business, or at least of dealing with Europeans, prevailing among Burmese shopkeepers, that often the most liberal offers of payment will not induce them to bring out their best wares, while for those they do show they will ask the most exorbitant price, choosing rather not to sell at all than to abate the demand a jot. The best plan, therefore, of the foreigner is, by the help of his English friends resident in the place, to enlist the services of some native of better social position, who will have no difficulty in drawing forth the desired wares, and who may be trusted to estimate them at their proper value, if not to effect the purchase.

Some of the best lacquer ware is to be seen in the Buddhist monasteries, where it is in use for every purpose. Certain conventional shapes are assigned specially for the use of the religious, and the piety of their patrons naturally furnishes the monastery with the richest specimens of the manufacture. By the side of the recluse are usually one or two tapering lacquer boxes called *otes*, polished in dull red, or thickly gilt and inlaid with patches of looking-glass, and his inseparable companion the betel-box is always of fine lacquer. The latter is of the shape most generally used for every purpose, which may be here described. The foundation of the box is a circular tube, within which are two or more shallow trays fitting into each other, and over all, forming the lid, is an outer tube of thinner texture, nearly the same depth as the box and sliding over it so as to reach within half an inch of the bottom. The polished surface of the outside is painted in fantastic designs, most often a confused pattern of indistinguishable flourishes, sometimes interwoven with grotesque faces or figures. The only colors used are dull red, black, yellow, and green, in one or other combination, and some of the commonest cups are polished with bright gilding.

The process of manufacturing lacquer is slow and elaborate: the foundation of each box is of very fine bamboo cane-work, and the value of the work depends mainly on the fineness and flexibility of the texture. Over this bamboo shell are laid, at intervals of several days, layers of composition of various oils, charcoal, and other materials, which are set to dry in an underground vault kept at a very high temperature — each coat when dry undergoing a process of painting, polishing, and engraving, and the work being finally finished on a lathe.

Here it may naturally be asked how the out-turn of this process compares with the beautifully finished trays and boxes of Japanese ware which are now hardly less common in England than our own home manufactures; and it must be at once confessed that Burmese lacquer cannot for a moment compare with that of Japan, either in finish, polish, or design. Nevertheless the Japanese article is little thought of by the Burmese in comparison with their own more flexible manufacture. Some enterprising person not long ago sent Burmese lacquer boxes to Japan and had the peculiar Burmese shape imitated in Japanese ware: the result was a very beautiful specimen of lacquer work, to the English eye far surpassing the original pattern on which it was modelled. Yet, although an appeal to Burmese taste was made in the form of a peacock with spreading tail (the emblem of royalty) embossed on the lid, nothing could persuade a Burmese lacquer-dealer that it was comparable either for make or design to the products of his own country.

Next to lacquer ware the best known and most widely appreciated of Burmese manufactures is that of vessels and ornaments of silver and gold. Samples and imitations of this rough but rich workmanship are now seen not uncommonly in England; but the most characteristic examples are hardly met with, except in the hands of those who have either had friends in the country or made their own home there. And for this there is sufficient reason; for if there are difficulties in the way of obtaining the best lacquer work, with the magazines of which whole streets are lined, it is a thousand times more difficult to satisfy a desire for the finest work of the silversmith or goldsmith. In the first place, although a recognized and long-established craft, the real masters of it are few, and their services are naturally so much in request that they have always more work on hand than they can accomplish within a given time. Thus, when the Prince of Wales visited India in 1875, commissions from India for Burmese silver work occupied the time of every silversmith in the country, and it was difficult for those on the spot to get any order executed. And when, besides the paucity of workmen, you have to reckon with the total disregard of all considerations of time, the indolence and indifference, even to his own interests, which characterize the ordinary Burman, it may be understood how it is that, having given an order to a silversmith, you remain in absolute uncertainty

of the time which it will occupy, and sometimes even of the cost of the work. For silver ware, however, there is a recognized scale of charges; and if a workman of known skill is employed, if the work is one which lends itself readily to the usual native designs, and if unlimited patience is exercised, it is not too much to say that the Burmese silversmith will turn out work worthy to rank, if not for fineness of execution, at least for boldness of design and richness of effect, with that of any country in the world, while it has superadded an indefinable character which is entirely its own.

The most common examples of the ware are drinking-bowls of a uniform pattern, but varying in size, design, and workmanship. Not only in the monastery or among the camp equipage of a party of pilgrims, but even in the Burmese cottage, nothing is commoner than to meet with embossed drinking-cups of solid silver; and not less common is the little silver paste-box, the companion of every betel-box, containing the reddish paste which is smeared on the leaf eaten with the betel-nut. Among the subjects of ornamental silver work are also handles and sheaths of swords and knives, images of Budha, and handles of tattooing-instruments; while of personal ornaments the prettiest are the necklace of silver called a *dolizan*, and the bracelet made of a broad flexible band of woven silver wire. The *dolizan* consists of drooping festoons of fine flagree work, turned into shapes of tiny birds, stars, and pendants, attached to a closely linked neck-band, and, whether of gold or silver, is as becoming to the English as to the Burmese girl.

It may be supposed that silver cups of Burmese workmanship and design make very showy vases for public presentation, and at the Rangoon races the chief prize of the meeting is commonly a handsome Burmese silver cup presented by the chief commissioner as head of the local government.

The ordinary drinking-bowls vary little in character, being uniformly circular, without handle of any kind, bulging slightly at the centre, and resembling in shape and proportions an ordinary sugar-basin. The outside surface is almost always marked with broad horizontal bands, round each of which are embossed medallions representing grotesque figures of men, women, *beloos*, or animals real or fictitious — such, for instance, as the signs of the zodiac. These, with a row of leaves or flowers between, are hammered or punched so as to stand out handsomely in relief.

But though the shape just described is by far the commonest, the best silversmiths have also considerable originality in design, or least in the adaptation of conventional designs, which they will draw on paper in good proportion and with fine accuracy.

In giving an order for silver work it is always necessary to make an advance payment of half the cost, and the size and weight of the work depend exactly on the number of rupees advanced, inasmuch as these are melted down and form the material of which it is manufactured. Payment for the workmanship is made when the work is finished and at a rate agreed upon when the order is given, the rate for the best work being usually one rupee for every rupee's weight employed in the work; thus thirty rupees would be advanced, melted down and manufactured into a cup, and thirty more paid for the work on its completion. Occasionally a Burmese workman shows an inclination to forsake the old native designs and to follow European models, but the indigenous types are so marked and so invariably popular with Europeans that there is less danger of such a perversion than in the case of some of the Indian manufactures. At the same time the Burmese silversmith will make a most creditable copy from any pattern of English workmanship which may be given him for imitation.

The design and execution of gold vessels and ornaments are precisely similar to those in silver, and a pair of gold earrings on the model of pagoda bells, or a gold *dolizan* necklace, is a present as rare and beautiful as can be brought home from the East. The gold, which is generally supplied by the goldsmith, is very highly colored — almost to redness, and the effect on an embossed cup, covered perhaps with a raised lid surmounted by a bird with outstretched wings, is as rich as it is uncommon.

A very pretty display of gold jewellery of this kind is often called forth by the visit of an official to any of the indigenous mixed schools, and a prettier sight can hardly be imagined than a row of little Burmese girls dressed in many-colored silks and decked with pendant necklaces of deep red gold, with earrings of the same, and sprays for the hair sparkling with jewels.

Enamelling on silver is a branch of this manufacture to which are due the most finished samples of silver ware which the province produces. The work is costly, however, and the workers so few that

although the manufacture is more beautiful and really artistic than the ordinary silver ware, the craft is almost an extinct one, and it is only in one or two places that specimens of the enamel are to be had.

At Shwegyeen on the Sittang there is a workman who if ample time is given will turn out enamel work which may compare favorably with the finest of Indian workmanship, and this is saying a good deal. The enamel is invariably black, and its appearance, converting the face of an embossed silver cup into a perfectly smooth and highly polished surface of black and silver, is not unlike that of some Italian and Russian work; but an altogether unique effect is given by the designs, which are very elaborately finished, and consist of the grotesque and fanciful figures which exist only in the imagination of the Burmese artist.

In a Buddhist country the manufacture of images of brass, marble, silver, and wood is very widely extended, and though the art displayed in the production of figures of a uniform conventional type is not of a very high character, much skill is shown in the sculpture and manufacture of the several kinds. In some monasteries may be seen, seated in a dimly lighted chamber, under a canopy of carved wood, a brazen image of Buddha, from six to eight feet in height, and there are few which do not contain a collection of minor images in marble or silver. The most popular, and perhaps the most effective, images are in the pure white marble of upper Burmah, very finely chiselled, and usually having a few touches of gliding or paint to pick out the line of robe or head-dress. Others are of wood, skilfully carved, and perhaps gilded throughout. Some again are modelled in wax and plated with a coating of pure beaten silver, with perhaps a tiny canopy of silver and beads hung with silver leaves, to represent the tree under which Buddha is described as sitting.

The treatment accorded to the images varies in different places, some of the religious houses being clean and carefully kept, others dirty, scantily furnished, and neglected. Thus in one monastery a medley of images, ill-arranged and crowded together, will be apparently treated as little else than lumber, while in another the elaborate surroundings of the shrine allotted to a single image recall to mind those of some altar of the Virgin in a Roman Catholic church. Raised from the ground on a carved wooden pedestal, it is shaded by a richly carved canopy, hung

with festoons of paper lace, and surrounded by a group of tall glided umbrellas; and on the ledges of the pedestal and about the foot of the images are arranged perhaps a cluster of smaller images of Buddha, gilded and illuminated MSS. in curious coverings of cloth and bamboo, *otes* and other vessels of lacquer and silver; the whole constituting a setting altogether in keeping with the living group which completes the scene — shaven ascetics and their attendants in dingy yellow dress, and a motley gathering of village boys who sit at their feet for instruction.

While images such as these furnish the interior of the monasteries, the open chapels of nearly every large pagoda are filled with others of colossal proportions, of which the substance is of brick and the facing either of plaster or polished *Chanam*. And this leads me to notice a very old form of Burmese industry, the manufacture and use of bricks. Although the abundant timber of the local forests supplies the principal building-material for all substantial houses, the foundations and steps of very many of the religious buildings are of brick faced with plaster, the entrance being often flanked by huge figures of fabulous monsters in the same material. The solid substance of every pagoda in the country is of brick; so generally are the steps by which it is approached and the paving of the platform on which it stands, while throughout the province, to its farthest corners, the centre of the village street and the pathway which leads to the neighboring monastery will be found paved down the centre with a narrow *trottoir* of bricks or tiles.

To the inseparable accompaniments of the national religion is owing another industry for which Burmah has been noted from ancient times, the casting and manufacture of bells and gongs. There is no pagoda great or small which has not its gilded spiral crown or *tee*, with rings of sweet-toned bells of many sizes and materials. To the tongue of each bell is suspended a leaf-shaped metal pendant, which hangs below the bell's mouth, and is caught by every breath of wind, so that even in the stillest night the music of pagoda bells on the hilltops is hardly ever silent. But besides the tinkling which in the neighborhood of a pagoda makes the air musical overhead, the visitor hears at intervals — frequent on a festival morning — the deeper tone of some great bell hung close to the ground near the base of the pagoda; for one of the common acts of devotion

among Burmese Budhists consists in striking these huge bells — which have no tongue — five or six times in succession with a club or the butt-end of a stag's horn, which usually lies near at hand for the purpose.

These bells vary much in size and decoration, but with one notable exception in upper Burmah, none probably can surpass the monster which hangs on the platform of the *Shwedagone* at Rangoon, and which baffled by its size and weight the efforts of the English to carry it away as a trophy after the war. The pagoda stands on a hill about a mile and a half from the river, and the story is that the English, having successfully transported the bell to the river-side, were at last compelled to abandon it embedded in the mud on the banks, and that the Burmese subsequently raised it and replaced it in triumph on its original site on the pagoda hill, where it remains to this day.

Some of the larger bells have handles formed of grotesque figures in solid metal, and not uncommonly a bell is slung over the shoulders of two solid wooden figures of hideous *beloos*. Circular gongs, of the kind commonly known in England, are to be found of every size in the bazaars of Rangoon, and may be bought in the smaller sizes, very sweet in tone, for a few rupees. The most characteristic Burmese gong, however, consists of a triangle of solid bell-metal, about half an inch in thickness, suspended by a string, which swings round and round when struck.

The clear ringing tone of these gongs is familiar to every one who has lived in Burmah as the call by which in every town and village the monks of the locality ask for their morning alms, as they parade the streets in procession, with lacquer boxes slung round their necks to receive the daily collections of rice.

Before leaving the subject of metal work, mention must be made of the manufactures of tin, the product of mines in the Mergul district in the extreme south of the province.

The caskets, tea-boxes, cigar-boxes, models of pagodas, and ornaments of various kinds made in this material are, next to silver, among the prettiest ornamental work of the country; and they are not the less to be appreciated from the fact that it seems now to be almost certain that, long and patiently as these mines have been worked by Chinese immigrants, the are has no depth and will before long be exhausted. An English firm has within the last few years resigned in disappointment

its lease of some of the most promising mines, after considerable expenditure on roads, machinery, and buildings.

Some notion of the extent of the mines may be gathered from the official statement that during the last two years, 1875-76 and 1876-77, the English firm had turned out 755 cwts. of tin valued at 1,984*l.*, and the Chinese 1,025 cwts. valued at 4,196*l.* The tin which is found appears to be very pure, and the ornaments made from it in Moulmein and Rangoon shine like polished silver, for which they might easily be at first sight mistaken. They are made and sold by Chinamen, and are generally engraved with a style, in fanciful patterns of Chinese figures and letters. Being at the same time cheap, pretty, and peculiar to the province, the Burmese tin work ranks high among curiosities of Eastern manufacture.

A very conspicuous place in the present list must also be assigned to wood carving. As the first objects to attract the eye in Burmah are the monastic and other religious buildings, so it is the tasteful and elaborate wood carving with which they are enriched which draws to their exterior more than a passing notice. It is here that we find most conspicuously displayed the national love of decoration in building and the taste which characterizes the native architecture, while the careful finish given to every part alike speaks to the artistic character of the work, of which the form is determined by a combination of motives. The Buddhist theory of a future state prompts its professors to a lavish expenditure on religious buildings, while the traditional fashion assigned to the Burmese monastery lends itself readily to architectural decoration. The innumerable gables, projecting eaves and cornices, and the multiple tapering roofs give the wood-carver unlimited scope for the exercise of his craft, and a superstitious desire to avert future evils by present good works makes the provision of handsome and luxurious retreats for the religious, and costly shrines for the most venerated images, the most popular form of almsgiving.

Some fine samples of decoration of this kind may be seen in the monasteries of Rangoon and Moulmein: the porches and chapels of the *Shwedagone* pagoda are rich in the most finished carving, and the decoration of more than one of the neighboring monasteries is in no way inferior. Throughout the province, moreover, the same artistic display testifies to the same religious devotion. The public gardens at Calcutta contain a specimen of Burmese

wood carving in a profusely decorated *thain*, or shrine, transported bodily from Prome as a trophy of the last war, and looking sadly out of place amidst its foreign surroundings.

But the religious buildings are by no means the exclusive domain of the wood-carver's art, and the popular love of ornament and taste in decoration are shown in the carving lavished upon boats of every kind to which I have drawn attention in a former paper, on the quaint bullock carts used for travelling by land, and on the panelled walls of the better classes of houses. The same manufacture turns out also furniture for English houses, such as punkahs, chairs, screens, sideboards, picture-frames, and the like, which give a picturesqueness of its own to the Anglo-Burmese house. This application of the craft is now made prominent in the manufacturing departments of the principal jails of the province, where the Burmese and Chinese prisoners are employed in making large quantities of household furniture, both plain and ornamental. Lastly, the visitor to Burmah, who finds an interest in the curious buildings, boats, and figures by which he is surrounded, may, if he takes the trouble to find out a skilled carver, carry away with him well-finished models of pagodas, houses, shrines, boats, musical instruments, and figures illustrative of native costume, which will better than any verbal description convey to his friends a correct notion of the strange realities. He will not often find in the work the fineness which characterizes similar manufactures in India, but on the rougher workmanship will be stamped an individual character which corresponds to that of the people of whose country it is the product.

Some very beautiful if rather rough carving in ivory is also among the favorite treasures secured by the traveller in Burmah. I have seen an exceedingly handsome pair of vases made of the ends of two large tusks richly carved and mounted in a setting of gold, both carving and setting of Burmese workmanship; but the commonest samples of this work are sword-handles, knife-handles, and paper-knives. Handles for a set of dinner knives are often made to order, and paper-knives with a rim of enamel on silver are now made to suit the taste of Europeans. The ivory is of pure white and the carving very elaborate; thus a sword-handle will be so perforated through and through, with fantastic figures standing out clearly in the midst of a shell of flagee work,

that it becomes too brittle for anything like rough usage. The ivory carving has, however, the same roughness which marks so much of Burmese work, and as regards finish can no more be compared to the Chinese carving than Burmese lacquer to that of Japan.

Hitherto I have spoken chiefly of the manufacture of hard substances which give employment for the most part to men; but as in the management of domestic affairs, and even of business transactions, the women of Burmah are conspicuous among Eastern women as the true help-meets of their husbands, so also they have their share in the provincial manufactures. Throughout Burmah the hand loom is a common part of cottage furniture, and the weaving of fabrics of silk and cotton (one of the most extensive of the local manufactures) is almost exclusively carried on by the women, who weave cloth both for the use of their families and for sale. Of late years the cheap and gay-colored silks and cottons imported from England have become highly popular with the Burmese for turbans and jackets; but for the best dresses, whether of men or women, nothing has yet superseded the indigenous manufacture, with its richness both of color and texture, and even for the commonest petticoats and kilts the cloth woven in the cottages of the country is almost universally used. The patterns of the silk fabrics are curiously like those of Scotch tartans, the blending of the colors being generally very tasteful; and some of the finer textures are exceedingly soft, especially those worn as neckerchiefs by the women.

This manufacture is carried on also by the Karens, both the workmanship and materials being in their case rougher in character than the Burmese, not less effective in appearance. The Karen women in some parts of the province wear as a headdress a thick coarse cotton cloth, folded square and thrown over the head, almost identical both in fashion and effect with that worn by Neapolitan women; and this headdress is often roughly embroidered in colors which render it highly picturesque.

The peculiar jacket worn by the Karen girls is also sometimes embroidered in colors on a black silk ground.

For the silk-weaving, country produce is abundant, and the breeding of silkworms and manufacture of silk is the special occupation of the people in certain districts; but the occupation is so abhorrent to the teaching of Buddhism, as involving the death of the worms, that its followers are

regarded with horror by the orthodox Buddhists who form the majority of the population.

Under the head of cloth fabrics must be noticed, in conclusion, the manufacture of a very peculiar kind of ornamental tapestry, or rather patchwork, which serves for various domestic purposes, especially for the curtains which, in this land of open *sayats* and ill-partitioned houses, are used as temporary screens, either in travelling or at home, or when encamping in the open, and which serve also as a covering for the bullock carts to which reference has been made above.

Among the many incidents of Burmese life which when first seen strike the foreigner by their strangeness and marvelously picturesque effect, and of which it is only familiarity which effaces the first impression, a place may fitly be given here to the procession of bullock carts which may be seen in the neighborhood of any great pagoda at a festival time wending their way from the country or from the river-side loaded with pilgrims, drawn by diminutive bullocks, well shaped and well fed, their heads decked with strings of shells and sprays of flowers. The cart, of dark mahogany-colored wood and of shape and proportions which defy description, is sheltered from the sun by an arched framework of bamboo covered with scarlet cloth, from under which as it passes by peep out the heads of boys and girls of every age, dressed out in their best and packed like ripe fruit in the straw. The rug or curtain which covers the cart, and which has led me to this digression, consists of a groundwork of thick, coarse red cloth, upon which is overlaid, in patches of many-colored cloths, a complete picture, representing some dramatic scene, in the peculiar style of Burmese drawing. The coloring and shading of faces and dresses are done with almost as much care as in a painting, and the whole is enlivened with glittering spangles, which add to the brightness of the effect.

A complete account of Burmese manufactures would include many others which have not been even mentioned here, such as those of salt, *nappes*, umbrellas, earthenware, and other adjuncts of domestic life, but from the list already given it may be gathered that while the traveller and collector of curiosities will find in Burmah much beautiful work of native manufacture such as cannot be found elsewhere, the observer of national peculiarities may see in the manufacturing industries of the province the reflection of much that is

characteristic in the native habits of mind—in accepted canons of taste, in traditional methods of working, in contrast of colors, in roughness of finish and in grotesqueness of design. Speaking broadly of the character of Burmese handicrafts, it may be said that they are distinguished by boldness and originality of design, by faithfulness of execution, and in most cases by a want of finish due as much to indifference as to any lack of ability; while the taste which they display, indigenous as it probably is to the country, is frequently, if not generally, such as to appeal at once to the most fastidious of Western critics.

It is very noticeable, too, how here, as in India, the workmanship in almost every branch of manufacture improves from year to year under the stimulus given by foreigners. As in the beautiful manufactures of horn and ivory from the Malabar coast, the brass vessels from Benares, and the carved sandalwood from Bombay, the exquisitely finished work of the present day far surpasses that produced twenty years ago, so even in Burmah, late as has been its incorporation with the empire, and far behind as it lags in many respects, a steady advance is perceptible in the quality at least of the finer local manufactures, side by side with that in matters of greater import.

P. HORDERN.

From Temple Bar.

RACINE AND HIS WORKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

IN my essay upon Corneille * I have said that in judging the works of that writer "we must forget for a time all our former dramatic studies, and keep constantly before us the opposite principles upon which the English and the French legitimate drama are constructed, and the deduction therefrom, that the beauties of the one would be the faults of the other." This sentence applies with equal force to the consideration of the plays of his successor, Racine. The works of neither of these writers, although professedly modelled upon those of Euripides, resemble the Greek drama, except in the choice of subject and the strict observance of the so-called Aristotelian unities. They were simply the offspring of the bastard classicism of the Renaissance, an attempt

* LIVING AGE, No. 1651, p. 281.

to resuscitate forms of art that had been dead for two thousand years, and adapt them to the expression of a new world of ideas with which they had nothing in common. The drama of Greece embodied the religion, the traditions, and the manners of the people—it was as national as that of the age of our Elizabeth; the French classical drama endeavored to embody forms of thought with which the modern world is in direct antagonism, with which it is impossible to re-awaken any sympathy. It was an exotic which died almost with its creators.

Its parents were Corneille and Racine, who might be said to hold the respective places of father and mother: the first was its progenitor, but to the care of the second it owed its beauty and perfection. The genius of the two men might be imaged under the same symbol: that of the first was masculine, rugged, creative; that of the second feminine, gentle, perfecting. Corneille rises at times to heights that Racine could never scale; "Corneille," said Molière, "has, like Socrates, a familiar demon. At certain times this spirit visits him, and taking his pen writes whole pages of whose incomparable beauty Old Pierre is quite unconscious; for when the genius is gone he quietly resumes the pen, and does not perceive the difference." Racine never approached the power of "*Horace*," nor, unless it might be in "*Phèdre*," the tragic horror of "*Radogune*;" but he has a sustained beauty to which his elder rival cannot pretend. I confess to have read the plays of the latter as a task, and with scarcely any curiosity; but those of the former I perused with pleasure and deep interest. Racine always interests us and holds us in suspense from beginning to end; his characters are more human than those of Old Pierre, which are so impossibly vicious or virtuous, so unlovably exalted or degraded, that they are abstractions rather than creatures of flesh and blood; they talk in antitheses, they make love in metaphysical discourses, they declaim, but never feel.

The French classic drama is purely artificial; no attempt at reality, or even *vraisemblance*, is ever made. The scene of "*Iphigénie*" is laid in the Greek camp; thousands of men and twenty kings are gathered there, impatient for a favorable breeze to fill their sails; these are constantly talked about, they are the machinery that moves the plot, and yet the dialogue, which seldom goes beyond a duologue, gives us no indication of the presence of such a host; there being no

bustle, no excitement, no crowd; the action might as well, for all we see to the contrary, take place upon a desert island. In "*Britannicus*" we are not vouchsafed a glimpse of the gorgeous court of Nero, who walks about unattended as though he were a private citizen; the same objection may be made to "*Bajazet*." Where are the splendid seraglio and Oriental magnificence of the Turks, then scarcely past the zenith of their power? This renders such works infinitely frigid and unnatural to those accustomed to the crowded, bustling stage of Shakespeare. "*Athalie*," which by a strange contradiction was not written for the public stage, is the only one of his plays in which any excitement is produced by such subordinate means. Nothing can be more fatiguing than the perpetually recurring rhyme, and the monotonous smoothness and elegance of the language, which is always the same, whether it comes from the mouth of a king or an attendant; nothing can be more tedious and unnatural than the interminable length of the speeches, the lengthy narratives and descriptions of the heroes and heroines, and their confidants—that most clumsy of all inventions. The simple and artistic method of acquainting the spectators with the incidents of the plot that precede the rising of the curtain, by a conversation between inferior characters, used by the English school, was not permitted to that of Racine. The hero and heroine must tell their own stories, and confide in a second person such feelings and secrets as you could not by any strain of the possible imagine any human being confessing. Of the unities I have spoken in "Corneille," but I cannot forbear referring to the monstrous improbabilities into which it conducts Racine in "*Mithridate*." News is brought that Mithridates has been killed in a battle with the Romans—he returns; puts into action a plot for testing the true dispositions of his two sons—discovers their love for his affianced wife, Monime—conceives the idea of invading Rome—his country is invaded by the Romans—essays upon himself the effects of several deadly poisons (he was supposed to be poison-proof)—slays himself with his sword—a battle is fought and the invaders are put to flight, and all these things are done within twenty-four hours!

These works, that seldom deigned to any subjects more modern than those furnished by the myths and legends of Greece and Rome, were, after all, but a reflection of the court of France. Corneille belonged to the Richelieu and Mazarin times,

eras of transition and turbulence, and there is a certain ruggedness in his genius, a boldness and an independence that chafe at restrictions. Racine wrote wholly and only during the brilliant calm of the court of the *grand monarque*, and the smoothness of his diction, the polish and evenness of his works, perfectly reflect the serene sky under which they were produced. But the similitude goes much further; the poet was obliged to adapt the persons and manners of his plays, no matter whether Greek, Roman, or Turkish, to the sympathies of his audience, and in no way depart from that which was *comme il faut* to those fine ladies and gentlemen.

Thus we find the Achilles of Homer transformed into such a ceremonious, gallant, and peppery Achilles as might have fought at Nerwinde or Ramilies; he addresses Iphigénie in the courtly phrase of such a *preux chevalier*, and the daughter of Agamemnon receives his attentions in the same strain. But what else could be expected from an Achilles or a Hippolyte in a full-skirted velvet coat, breeches and silk stockings rolled above the knee, red-heeled shoes, three-cornered plumed hat, and flowing peruke à la Louis XIV. ? or from an Iphigenia or Andromache with befeathered head, dresses of gorgeous silk embroidered with gold and distended by a huge hoop, white gloves, and fan in hand ? For it was thus all characters of all ages and nationalities were dressed upon that stage, the only difference being that warriors wore a cuirass and scarf over their coats. Gallantry was therefore the order of the day. Every play was bound to have a sentimental love-story, conducted according to those outward proprieties upon which the lover of Montespan and Co. was so exacting. Pyrrhus, in defiance of history and the known custom of the ancient Greeks, implores his captive, Andromache, to permit him to lead her to the hymeneal altar, just as M. le Marquis might have pleaded to some obdurate fair one to celebrate the nuptial tie before the archbishop of Paris at Notre Dame. Even Pyrrhus, however, was declared to be a little too rugged; had he been reduced to a *petit maître* he would have been better liked. The *sine quâ non* of a love-story, as may be imagined, greatly narrowed the poet's choice of subjects, and sometimes spoiled those he did choose. Here was an advantage Corneille possessed over his younger rival; that restriction was not so absolute in his earlier days, hence in some of his finest works — "*Horace*" and "*Cinna*," for instance — love plays little or

no part. Nevertheless, Racine's strength lay in the delineation of the tender passion, and despite his artificialities few have ever drawn it with greater tenderness and beauty. Thus it is only in such plays as "*Phèdre*," and perhaps "*Britannicus*," that we feel it to be intrusive. Indeed, the charm and power of Racine's genius lay in his delineation of women. Few writers have drawn the female character so truthfully, vigorously, and exquisitely as he. His heroines always overshadow his heroes; all our sympathies, be they good or evil, are bound up with them; and the male personages are, with few exceptions, of secondary importance. What care we for Achilles, Bajazet, Mithridate, Pyrrhus, Hippolyte ? After a time they almost pass out of our memories; but who can ever forget Iphigénie, Roxane, Hermione, and, above all, Phèdre ? Racine was accused of writing all his plays for his pupil, the great Champamelée, and this predominance of the female element in them certainly lends color to the suggestion.

I have no space in an article so brief to enter into the slightest analysis of Racine's several plays, neither would it prove interesting to those unread in them. Of all his works, "*Phèdre*" is that upon which his claim to genius rests the most soundly. It is not the "*Phædra*" of Euripides; it is a character that excites our pity rather than our aversion, and it lacks, perhaps, the terrible power of the Greek; but it is a subtle, delicate, and sublime creation, full of fire and real passion, which will never cease to hold an audience awe-struck and spell-bound whenever a genius such as that of Rachel is brought to its interpretation. I would love to extract some of its splendid passages, but space forbids. A work of quite another kind is "*Bérénice*." Few love-stories in the world are more beautifully tender, more exquisitely pathetic, than that which records the separation of Titus and the queen of Palestine; it has not the tragic gloom of "*Romeo and Juliet*," and "*The Bride of Lammermoor*," nor the guilty passion of "*Julie*," but it leaves upon the mind a sweet melancholy, like a remembrance of the long-buried dead. It is customary to rate "*Athalie*" as his masterpiece, but with all its splendid passages — and upon these he certainly lavished his finest powers — the plot is uninteresting, and the dialogue at times insufferably tedious; in the choruses he has ventured to imitate that which is inimitable, the Psalms, and the result, fine as these introductions undoubtedly are, is not in favor of the French version.

Voltaire pronounced "*Iphigénie*" "the most perfect of tragedies." With its many beauties—and there are very charming touches in the heroine's character, while that of Clytemnestra is drawn with rare power—few would be inclined to agree with such a verdict, while Euripides' tragedy upon the same subject continues to exist. "*Andromaque*" is remarkable for the character of Hermione, one of the subtlest and most powerful female creations ever drawn by poet's pen. "*Mithridate*," "*Bajazet*," "*Britannicus*," have all much power and beauty; but it is a power and beauty with which this age has little sympathy. The nineteenth century is nothing if not "natural;" Racine is the very archetype of the artificial. Whether the lunacies and abominable vulgarisms of the modern school will ultimately produce a reaction, perhaps tending to the opposite extreme, and so bring such writers into esteem again, it is impossible to predict, but at the present time, even in his own country, he is regarded as little more than a fossil of an extinct world.

But let us now turn from the writings to the man.

In the beautiful valley of Chevreuse, not far from Versailles, and about ten leagues from Paris, was an ancient abbey of the Cistercian order, founded in 1204, and called Port-Royal-des-Champs. It was favored with many privileges, among others a permission to receive within its walls those persons, male or female, who wished to seek the retirement of the cloister without binding themselves by monastic vows. Towards the close of the sixteenth century it attained a great celebrity under the direction of Marie Angélique Arnauld, who, devoting her life to the reform of the licentious abuses which disgraced conventual establishments, introduced there a pure and rigid discipline. By-and-by the sisterhood so increased that it became necessary to remove it to more commodious quarters; a house was purchased in the Faubourg St Jacques, and called the Port-Royal of Paris, and thither after a time the nuns removed. The old abbey was now deserted by all except the domestics. But not for long. About 1647 M. le Maître, an advocate, and his two brothers, all three young men, and all three nephews of Madame Arnauld, resolved to retire from the world and take up their abode at Port-Royal-des-Champs. They were speedily joined by others. It was a desolate spot—a region of swamps, weeds, and sterility. By the labor of their own hands these young hermits, most of

them of gentle blood, converted this howling wilderness into a scene of rural beauty. The society continued to receive fresh recruits; it did not bind itself by any vows, but each led a life of voluntary poverty, penance, and self-denial; their dress was not monastic, and was distinguished only by its extreme plainness and coarseness. Each, without any consideration of birth, was put to such employment as best suited his capacities. Some cultivated the ground, others were set apart as physicians, schoolmasters, and nurses for the sick poor.

A year or two afterwards, the house in Paris becoming too crowded by ever-increasing numbers, a portion of the sisterhood, under Mère Angélique, returned to the abbey. By-and-by it grew to be the fashion for people of rank and station to retire thither. Among these voluntary recluses were the Duchesse de Luynes, the Duc and Duchesse de Liancourt, the Princesse Guiméné, the Marquise de Sablé, etc. But it is not as an abode of asceticism that its fame has descended to posterity, but as the great educational establishment wherein some of the greatest French writers received their mental training. The name of Blaise Pascal alone would immortalize it; and it was here, amidst the sombre shadows of the old abbey and the deep solitudes of its woods, that JEAN RACINE pondered over the pages of Euripides and first conceived a passionate love of poetry.

I have dwelt thus long upon Port-Royal and its votaries as being one of the most important features of the seventeenth century, and because its influences may be said to have entirely controlled the latter years of Racine's life. The after-fate of the order, its dispute with the Jesuits and ultimate suppression, under circumstances of cruelty that raised its votaries to the dignity of martyrs, do not come within the scope of this article, but may be found in any history of the period.

Racine was born at La Ferté Milon on the 21st of December, 1639, of a highly respectable *bourgeois* family. At four years of age he lost both his parents and was taken under the care of his maternal grandfather, Pierre Sconin, who placed him at the College of Beauvais. There he remained until he was sixteen, at which period his grandfather died and he was removed to Port-Royal, of which society his grandmother and aunt were already members. His progress in the Greek language—he is said to have mastered the dramatists in less than twelve months—delighted his instructors; but his love

for poetry filled their ascetic minds with alarm. He remained three years at Port-Royal, and throughout his life retained the deepest reverence for the great Arnauld and the excellent brethren. Thence he proceeded to the Collège d'Harcourt (Louis-le-Grand) to complete his studies. His first poetical attempt, if we except certain mediocre Latin verses, was an ode on the king's marriage (1660), "*La Nymphé de la Seine*." He sent it to Chapelaine, the then sovereign arbitrator of Parnassus, who, after making some corrections, of which the poet had the good sense to approve, pronounced it to be the best poem produced upon the occasion, and brought it so strongly before the attention of Colbert that that minister sent the writer a purse of a hundred louis, and soon afterwards conferred upon him a pension of six hundred livres. Thus from his earliest production he dated his rise at court. This pension was all he had to depend upon, and it was scarcely sufficient for the requirements of the most frugal life.

About this time, however, he received an invitation from an uncle, who was a canon of the church of St. Geneviève, at Uzès, in Languedoc, and an intimation that he might, if he chose, succeed to the benefice. So to Languedoc he went, and applied himself to the study of theology; but Virgil and Ariosto divided his time with the saints, and probably got the larger share. Another ode, "*La Renommée*," was the means of introducing him to Boileau, then a young unknown man, yet some three years his senior. Boileau pronounced so high a eulogy upon it that Racine wrote and begged to be admitted to his acquaintance; it was the commencement of a friendship upon which no shadow, save that of death, ever fell.

Our young poet, consumed by the sacred fire, soon became disgusted with theology, and making up his mind to link his fortunes with his love, came to Paris in 1664 with a play in his pocket entitled "*Théagène et Chariclée*," which he had probably composed after the reading of Bishop Heliodorus's romance at Port-Royal. He offered it to Molière, who, although the piece was valueless, fancied he discovered in it such promise of future excellence that he desired the writer to visit him again at the end of six months, and in the mean time apply himself to the most diligent study. Some years previously, long before he came to Paris, Molière had written a tragedy entitled "*La Thébaïde*," which, having failed, he destroyed; it now occurred to him to employ the

young Racine upon the same subject. The proposal was made, eagerly accepted, and "*Les Frères ennemis*" was produced in 1664, with a very fair amount of success, for a first work. Neither this, however, nor its successor, "*Alexandre*," rose above mediocrity, nor gave any promise of that genius which was thereafter to illumine the French stage. The second tragedy was the cause of his friendship being broken with two of the most illustrious men of the time. It was read to Corneille previous to its representation, and the great dramatist delivered it as his judgment that although the author had a great talent for poetry he had none for the drama, and should therefore abandon it. Racine never forgave this criticism. "*Alexandre*" was originally produced at Molière's theatre, but the author being dissatisfied with the acting, removed it to the Hôtel de Bourgogne, taking with it one of Molière's best actresses. This created a coolness between our young poet and his first patron which was never removed, and although they frequently met at Boileau's they were never again friends.

Boileau had a room in the Rue du Vieux Colombier, where all the rising geniuses of the age assembled. Thither came the *bon vivant* Chapelaine, not a genius, by-the-by, but a glorious boon companion, Molière the silent, La Fontaine the butterfly, our amiable and refined Jean Racine, and over these reunions presided the dry, caustic, and pedantically correct host. They were not quite so free as those of Scarron and the Pomme du Pin in the old Fronde days, nor so correct as those of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and of Madame Scudéri, but they must have been the more delightful for hitting the happy mean. La Fontaine, in his "*Amours de Psyché et Cupidon*," best describes them.

Four friends, whose acquaintance, commenced by Parnassus, formed what might have been called an academy, if their number had been greater, and they had regarded the Muses as much as their pleasure. The first thing they did was to banish from among them all set conversation and everything that savored of the academic conference. When they found themselves together, and they had talked of their *dévoisements*, if by chance they fell upon scientific topics or something that related to *belles lettres*, they profited by the occasion. They never dwelt too long upon one subject, flying from one to another like bees who meet in their way different kinds of flowers. . . . Often in fine weather Acante (Racine) proposed a walk to some place out of town far away where few people frequented. He greatly loved gardens, flowers, shades.

Polyphile (La Fontaine) resembled him in that, but one may say that he loved all things. These passions, which filled their heart with a certain tenderness, were transferred into their writings, and formed their principal character.

Racine rested two years, and then brought forth his first great work, "*Andromaque*." * No play since Corneille's "*Cid*" had been received with such enthusiasm. His two previous dramas were but weak imitations of his predecessor, but in this third effort he became a creator; henceforth Euripides and not Corneille was to be his model. During those two years of silence he had studied hard beneath the severe discipline of his friend, Boileau. He had once boasted of his great facility in versifying: "I wish you would learn to versify with difficulty," replied the critic; "for my part I always make the last verse first, I should advise you to do the same." Racine took his counsel, abandoned his fatal facility, and so acquired that perfection of style which renders him the model, *par excellence*, of French classic poetry.

Never was man surely so thin-skinned as this poet; self-esteem must certainly have tyrannized over every other faculty of his mind. We have seen it already lose him two friends; we now find it creating a breach between him and the Port-Royalists. In one of his celebrated letters, Nicole, who had been Racine's instructor, animadverted rather strongly upon romancists and dramatists but without indicating any by name. Racine, who had been previously offended by a refusal of his aunt, Mère Agnès, to receive a visit from him on account of his intimacy "with a class of persons whose name is abominable to every one who retains but a grain of piety," now chose to take those censures to himself, and reply to Nicole in a very violent letter. The Port-Royal did not deign to notice it, but others took up their cause, and provoked a second epistle from the irate poet more bitter than the first. He showed it to Boileau: "It may do credit to your head, but none to your heart," replied the satirist, and prevailed upon him, not only not to publish it, but to recall all the copies he could obtain of the first. It was ten years, however, before he could overcome the displeasure of the Jansenists, who were pious enough to resent a wrong, but not Christian enough to easily forgive one.

* An English version, under the title of "The Distressed Mother," by Ambrose Philips, held our stage until a comparatively recent date.

During this quarrel he had been presented with a benefice, and "the privilege" of the first edition of "*Andromaque*" was granted to "M. Jean Racine, Prieur de l'Épinay." He held his priory, however, but a few months, for no sooner was he installed than one of the clergy brought an action against him, alleging that Epinay could not be held by any one out of orders.

This *procès* is said to have suggested his first and last comedy, "*Les Plaideurs*," produced in 1688. It is an imitation of the "*Wasps*" of Aristophanes, and ridicules a class which Molière, seemingly, never dared to touch, the lawyers. The action and characters of the play are too extravagant to bring it within the bounds of comedy; it is rather a three-act farce. We have a judge who has such an enthusiasm for his vocation that he will not spare time for eating and sleeping, and even goes to bed in his robes; we have two irrepressible litigants, a *bourgeois* and a countess, who can find no happiness out of the embroilments of the law; we have the trial of a dog for stealing a capon, in which the proceedings of the French law-courts of the day are humorously burlesqued, and the rhodomontade of the advocates severely caricatured. Two servants represent the counsel. "You will, I believe, make excellent advocates of them, *they are very ignorant*," says Léandre. Boileau had a brother in the law; he supplied Racine with the technical phrases, and suggested the quarrel scene between Chicaneau and the countess from his experience of a certain Comtesse de Crissé — indeed the three principal personages were all drawn from living originals. The comedy, however, was a failure; somehow the Parisians could not take its humor, and it was withdrawn on the second representation. Molière, always just and generous, although on ill terms with the author, alone praised it, and said openly in the theatre that the comedy was excellent, and that those who ridiculed it deserved themselves to be ridiculed. A month afterwards it was performed as an afterpiece before the king at Versailles, and enjoyed by him with so much gusto that his bursts of immoderate laughter quite astonished the court. Although it was the small hours of the morning when the actors returned to Paris, they proceeded to the poet's lodgings to inform him of his success. It was a quiet retired street in which he lived, and the clatter of the carriages and horses awoke all the neighbors, who seldom heard such sounds even at mid-day. What could it mean? Nothing less

than the arrest of the profane writer who had dared to mock at the majesty of the law. Next day it was rumored all over Paris that Racine had been arrested in the night and thrown into prison!

"*Britannicus*," which appeared in the same year as "*Les Plaideurs*," was the first of his historical tragedies. "It is your finest work!" was the verdict of Boileau. The author was of the same opinion, but the public was not. It was received coldly, and attained only eight representations. "There is no sort of cabal," he says in his first preface to this play, "that my enemies have not made against this piece, no censure they have not passed upon it." Then follows a splenetic and unworthy attack upon Corneille, from whose partisans he believed the attack to proceed. "Nothing is so natural as to defend oneself when unjustly attacked. I perceive that Terence himself wrote most of his prologues only to justify himself against the criticisms of an ill-intentioned old poet." This man was ever like a "fretful porcupine," ready to shoot his quills at every touch. Boileau says in one of his letters that it was a passage in this play which occasioned Louis XIV. to withdraw from court ballets, in which he had hitherto figured as a dancer. The passage runs as follows, and applies to Nero:—

Pour toute ambition, pour vertu singulière,
Il excelle à conduire un char dans la carrière;
A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains;
A se donner lui-même en spectacle aux Romains;
A venir prodiguer sa voix sur un théâtre;
A réciter des chants qu'il veut qu'on idolâtre;
Tandis que les soldats, de moments en moments,
Vont arracher pour lui ces applaudissements.

His next work, "*Bérénice*," was composed at the request of Henriette d'Angleterre, who had chosen the subject as symbolizing the unhappy passion which existed between her and the king, and that separation which both had resolved upon. She employed Corneille upon the same theme, and thus brought about a duel between the two great rivals. The victory rested with the younger; "*Titus et Bérénice*" is forgotten, but Racine's beautiful play, interpreted by Rachel, drew thousands to the Théâtre Français a quarter of a century ago. Ere, however, either work was given to the public, she who inspired it had died an awful and mysterious death. "*Bajazet*," his next tragedy, was supposed to have been suggested by the murder of Monaldeschi, the paramour of Christina of Sweden, at Fontainebleau. The char-

acter of Roxane, one of his most powerful creations, was expressly written to suit the extraordinary powers of the great actress Champmelle, whom he had instructed in her art. "She is," says Madame de Sévigné, "I think, altogether the most miraculously fine actress I ever saw: she is a hundred miles beyond the Desœillets; and as to me, who am considered pretty tolerable on the stage, I am not worthy to light the candles when she appears. She is ugly when you are near, and I am not astonished at my son's being overcome by her presence; but when she recites she is adorable." It was she who, under the instruction of her master, first renounced the singsong delivery that then obtained on the Parisian stage, and substituted natural inflections of voice. There was a *liaison* between Racine and his fair pupil which began at the *petits soupers* of Ninon de l'Enclos and the Marquis de Sévigné (Madame's son). Our poet, however, was little addicted to such peccadilloes, for his nature was cold, and he who knew so admirably to depict the passion of love never felt it.

In 1673 he produced "*Mithridate*," which achieved probably the most universal success of all his works. In the same year he was elected a member of the Académie Française. Then followed "*Iphigénie*," and in 1677 "*Phèdre*," the grandest of all, and with this his dramatic career may be said to close. Pradon, an obscure dramatist now forgotten, had composed a tragedy upon the same subject which was brought out at the Théâtre Guénégaud at the same time that Racine's work appeared at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. The former was taken under the protection of a cabal, who bought up every box at both theatres, crammed the Guénégaud to suffocation with *claqueurs*, and left the other empty. Twenty-eight thousand francs were expended on this unworthy artifice. It was impossible, however, that it could secure more than a temporary success for so inferior a production, and it was not long before the great superiority of Racine's tragedy was generally acknowledged and appreciated. But the extremely sensitive nature of the poet received such a shock from its temporary failure that he resolved to at once and forever renounce dramatic composition. Spleen begat piety, a very common parentage: he renounced the theatre and all its works, declared a conviction that all writers of plays and romances were poisoners of the human mind,* for which dictum he had

* So great an aversion did he pretend to have against

only a few years previously insulted the whole society of Port-Royal—and announced his determination of turning Trappist to atone for the "poison" he had promulgated. The persuasions of his friends, however, succeeded in modifying these terrible resolves into a marriage with the daughter of a *bourgeois* of Amiens, a very estimable and devout young woman, whose intelligence was wholly absorbed in domestic virtues, and who never read a line of her husband's plays. He became the father of children, in whose presence such profane literature was never mentioned. Some people may discover a laudable penitence for youthful irregularities in such a course of action, but I can discover in it nothing beyond the morbid egotism of what was really a very small mind. "Although the applause I have received may have greatly flattered me, the least critique, however malicious it may have been, has always caused me more annoyance than all the praises have given me pleasure." Such was his confession to his son in after years, and it pictures the whole man: thousands might burn incense before him, but to see one stand aloof made the odor stink in his nostrils, and rendered him the most miserable of men. In considering, however, this sudden access of devotion, it is but just to remember the powerful influence exercised upon his youthful mind by his association with Port-Royal and the Arnaulds. The austere lessons of those ascetics seemed to have ever lingered in his mind, pricking his conscience occasionally for the possible sinfulness of his pursuits, and it only required some sudden shock, such as the cabal against "*Phèdre*," to develop this into a masterful sentiment.

In the year of the production of "*Phèdre*," he and Boileau were appointed historiographers to the king, and they accompanied his Majesty in one or two campaigns. Racine's lucubrations were destroyed in the burning of the Maison de Valincourt, at St. Cloud, in 1726. It may be presumed that history did not thereby sustain any considerable loss, as his contributions to it were doubtless little more than inflated panegyrics upon *le grand monarque*. He was admitted to great intimacy with the king, who loved to con-

verse with him and hear him read, while he and De Montespan played cards. The "history" was the king's favorite subject, for none was so pleasant to him as his own eulogy. During an illness Louis had him to sleep in the next chamber to his, that he might be the more frequently with him. At different times he received in gratuities from the royal purse three thousand nine hundred louis; he had besides one or two posts which must have been tolerably lucrative, as we find him in comfortable circumstances throughout his life. The favor shown by royalty naturally secured him the intimacy of the great. Speaking to his son of his behavior towards his aristocratic friends, he said, "My talent is not to show them I have wit, but to teach them they have it. Thus when you see M. le Duc sometimes pass several hours with me you would be astonished if you were present to find him often go away without my having spoken four words, but I gradually put him in the humor to talk, and he departs much more satisfied with himself than with me." This is the utterance of a perfect courtier, and such he was.

Madame de Maintenon had founded the magnificent conventual establishment of St. Cyr for the education of young ladies. To exercise them in elocution the superior, Madame de Brinon, wrote dramatic pieces, but they were so execrably bad that Maintenon, to whom early associations had given a correct literary taste, was desirous of superseding them by something better. "*Andromaque*" was tried, but the demoiselles played the love-scenes so well that the royal prude took alarm and put a stop to further representations. She then thought her of applying to Racine. She accordingly wrote requesting him to compose a dialogue from which all passionate expressions and all love should be banished, that she might convey moral instruction to her scholars under the guise of a pleasant amusement. Boileau urged him to decline, and he was disposed to take this advice, being fearful of compromising the reputation already secured. (We thought, Monsieur Racine, you had renounced all solicitude for such carnal things, regarding them as the offspring of sin?) But vanity got the better of prudence, and he set to work with an eagerness all the greater from long abstinence from such pursuits. A few weeks afterwards, in 1689, twelve years after the production of "*Phèdre*," "*Esther*" was played at St. Cyr with great splendor. The success was immense. "There never was

his own productions that when, at the request of the king, he undertook to teach elocution to one of the princesses, he resigned the office because she proposed to recite some verses from "*Andromaque*." That this was affectation is proved by the alacrity with which he recommenced composition at the desire of Maintenon.

anything like the anxiety of people to go to St. Cyr," says Madame de la Fayette. "Great and small ran after the piece, and what was intended as a *comédie de convent* became the most serious affair of the court. The ministers neglected the business of the State to pay court to the king by going to a performance of '*Esther*.'" Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter in terms of the most extravagant praise concerning it.

The assertion has been accepted by all writers upon Racine that "*Esther*" was intended to personify Madame de Maintenon; Vashiti, Montespan; Aman, Louvois; Asuérus, the king; and that the edict for the destruction of the Jews symbolized the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

That Widow Scarron, the chaste companion of Ninon de l'Enclos, now at the charming age of fifty-nine, took such passages to herself as —

Je ne trouve qu'en vous de ne sais quelle grâce,

Qui me charme toujours et jamais ne me lasse ;
De l'aimable vertu doux et puissants attrait,
Tout respire en Esther l'innocence et la paix :
Du chagrin le plus noir elle écarte les ombres.

And —

Dans un lieu séparé de profanes témoins,
Je mets à les former mon étude et mes soins ;
Et c'est là que, foyant l'orgueil du diadème,
Lasse de vains honneurs, et me cherchant moi-même,

Aux pieds de l'Eternel je viens m'humilier,
Et goûter le plaisir de me faire oublier.*

That people should perceive a reference to the fallen favorite De Montespan in —

Peut-être on t'a conté la fameuse disgrâce,
De l'autière Vashiti, dont j'occupe la place,
Lorsque le roi, contre elle enflammé de dépit,
La chassa de son trône ainsi que de son lit.
Mais il ne fut sitôt en bannir la pensée ;
Vashiti régna longtemps sur son âme offensée,†

was but natural, and such gross flattery was perfectly in accordance with Racine's

* "In you alone I find an indescribable grace which ever charms and never wearies me — the soft and powerful features of gentle virtue — all in Esther breathes innocence and peace ; of the darkest sorrows she dispels the shadows." "In a place apart from profane eyes my study and care is to train them, and it is there, flying the pride of the diadem, weary of vain honors, studying myself, I come to humble me at the feet of the Eternal, and taste the pleasure of oblivion."

This last passage, it is scarcely necessary to remark, refers to St. Cyr.

† "Perhaps you have been told the famous disgrâce of the haughty Vashiti, whose place I occupy, when the king, inflamed with wrath against her, drove her from his throne and bed, but he could not so soon banish her from his thoughts. Vashiti long reigned in his offended heart." The italicized lines are especially applicable.

character. But Louis XIV. would not have cared to be compared to Asuérus, and no man would certainly have dared to personify the all-powerful and despotic Louvois under such guise as that of Aman. But most absurd of all was it to suppose that this morbidly sensitive poet, who shrank from the lightest breath of censure, who died of a loss of favor, would have dared to so openly beard Louis and his minister upon the persecution of the Protestants; or that he, a rigid and devout Catholic, would have symbolized heretics under the name of the chosen people of God, when Fénelon and Arnauld were in disgrace for a very mild protest against bigotry. Again, would it not have been the severest of satires to represent Esther (De Maintenon) of the race, pleading for them, saving them, when she was one of the most bitter of the persecutors? The French, so quick to perceive real or imaginary coincidences, doubtless fancied they read such things between the lines, but it was only fancy, for Racine would no more have ventured upon such temerity than he would upon assaulting the royal person. He learned thereafter how severely Louis resented the lightest remonstrance; such audacity as this would have consigned him to the Bastille. He chose the subject as one best adapted for the purpose required, without any thought, probably, of its peculiar application, and no doubt took very good care to assure royalty of the fact, or it would not have witnessed its castigation by proxy with so much complacency.

A triumph so complete once more aroused all the poet's eager vanity and thirst for fame, and, selecting a second Scriptural subject, he wrote "*Athalie*." But in the mean time the Tartuffes had been raising voice and pen against the late theatrical representations at St. Cyr as calculated to instill a love of carnal splendor and amusement in the minds of the pupils; as well as upon the indecorousness of their appearing upon a stage; so "*Athalie*" was performed only privately in the king's apartments at Versailles, without stage or costume. Some time afterwards, however, it was acted by the ladies and gentlemen of the court with great magnificence. Although an infinitely superior work, it was far from rivalling the success of "*Esther*;" indeed, it was received but coldly, and as its production upon the public stage was strictly forbidden, it soon fell into oblivion.

The following curious anecdote is related concerning the resuscitation of this work. Two years after Racine's death a number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled at

a country house near Paris. One evening they were playing a game at forfeits, and the penalty inflicted upon one young man was to read an act of "*Athalie*." The book was given him, and he was shut up in a cabinet to perform his penance. Some time elapsed, and they were astonished to find he did not return; one of the party going to seek him found him still deeply engaged upon the book; he had read it through once and had just recommenced it, and so enthusiastic was he in his praises that everybody's curiosity was aroused; they begged him to read them some of the scenes, and soon the auditors became as delighted as the reader. The story soon spread all over Paris, and every one became eager to peruse this unknown book; it was reproduced at court, the nobility sustaining all the parts except that of the high priest, which was represented by Baron; a complete reaction set in, and everybody became as enthusiastic over the play as they had recently been indifferent. It was not, however, until the time of the regency, placed upon the public stage, when a child-king being upon the throne imparted a great significance to the character of Joas, and greatly helped the success of the representation.

Disgusted at the failure, Racine laid down his pen in a new fit of spleen, and never raised it again, except to write four canticles for St. Cyr. About the same time a Jesuit master of the College of Louis le Grand furiously attacked his tragedies, saying their author was neither a Christian nor a poet. Boileau immediately took up the cudgels for his friend, who, however, far from resenting the attack, wrote his traducer a very mild letter, in which he said:—

For a long time God has been graciously pleased to render me insensible to all that can be said of them [his tragedies] either in praise or blame; and I occupy myself only in thinking what excuse I can afford him for having so misspent my time. I beg you, therefore, to tell the Père Bonhoms and all other Jesuits of your acquaintance, that far from being incensed against the professor who has censured my dramatic works, I am rather inclined to thank him for having, while preaching such good moral doctrines in his school, given occasion to a member of his order to evince so much attachment to my interests. Were the offence far greater I should forget it as easily in favor of the great number of reverend fathers who lay claim to my esteem and respect, and above all in favor of the Père la Chaise, who every day confers upon me some fresh act of kindness, and to whom I would sacrifice the resentment of far greater wrongs.

I quote this passage as a sample of Racine's hypocrisy and courtier-like obsequiousness. As we have seen by his own confession, he writhed beneath the slightest touch of criticism, and would break with his best friend for one word of disapproval. During the representation of "*Esther*," one of the young ladies forgot, only for an instant, a line of her part. "Ah, you have ruined my play!" he cried out from the side in such a tone that she burst into tears—a proof that time had not dulled this susceptibility. But the outward show of piety was the court fashion at that time; and Père la Chaise, the royal confessor, and the Jesuits were omnipotent. Such a little bit of mock humility—the poet dated the letter from Versailles—would be sure to win the favor of Maintenon.

If we required a further proof of the heartless hypocrisy of the man, it would be rendered in the following passage from a letter to his son (1698), in which he speaks of the approaching death of his old *chère amie*, Champamelée.

M. de Rost informs me that Champamelée is at the point of death, and he seems quite unhappy about it. The most afflicting part of the affair, and that which he does not appear to take into account, is the obstinacy evinced by this poor unfortunate creature in her constant refusal to leave the stage. She has declared, I am told, that she considers it very glorious to die an actress, as she has lived. It is to be hoped she may change like so many others when the awful moment arrives.

Racine was in all things a representative man, an epitome of his age—what that age was like we have endeavored to depict in a previous article. I know not if the daring, undisguised vice of the regency was not preferable to this show of whitened sepulchres; it was minus one sin at least—hypocrisy.

We have now arrived at the period of his disgrace, of which there are three different accounts: one author, I think it is Voltaire, ascribes it to his Jansenist tendencies; but Racine had been a Port-Royalist all his life, and was thoroughly recognized as such. Louis Racine, his son, gives the following account:—

Madame de Maintenon, when privately conversing with him one day upon the misery of the people caused by the desolating war then raging, was so pleased by the justness of his remarks, that she requested him to set down his opinions upon the subject in writing. Receiving from her a promise of secrecy, he consented to do so, and shortly afterwards placed a treatise in her hands which contained some

severe strictures upon the condition of the country and the continuation of the war. While she was reading it the king entered and took it from her hand; he insisted upon knowing the name of the author, and after a faint resistance, spite of the pledge she had given, she revealed it. His face darkened. "Because he knows how to make verses perfectly," he said, "does he suppose he knows everything? and because he is a great poet, does he wish to be a minister of state?"* Some time afterwards he ventured to solicit by letter some small favor from the king; it was refused. So deeply did his disgrace prey upon his morbidly sensitive nature that it threw him into a fever, and so aggravated an old disease from which he had been long suffering as to cause his death.

St. Simon ascribes his death to a circumstance which Louis Racine relates very similarly as an anecdote of Boileau. But the authority of that young gentleman, who would have us believe his father to have been the greatest and most immaculate of men, is far from unimpeachable. This is what St. Simon says:—

It sometimes happened that the king had no ministers with him, as on Fridays, and, above all, when the bad weather in winter rendered the sittings very long; then he would send for Racine to amuse him and Madame de Maintenon. Unfortunately the poet was frequently very absent. It happened one evening that, talking with Racine about the theatre, the king asked him why comedy was so much out of fashion. Racine gave several reasons, and concluded by naming the principal—namely, that for want of new pieces the comedians gave old ones, and, amongst others, those of Scarron, which were worth nothing and found no favor with any one. At this the poor widow blushed, not for the reputation of the cripple attacked, but at hearing his name uttered in the presence of his successor! The king was also embarrassed, and the unhappy Racine by the silence that followed felt what a slip he had made. He remained the most confounded of the three, without daring to raise his eyes or to open his mouth. The silence did not terminate for several minutes, so heavy and profound was the surprise. The end was that the king sent away Racine, saying he was going to work. The poet never afterwards recovered his position. Neither the king nor Madame de Maintenon ever spoke to him again or even looked at him; and he conceived so much sorrow at this, that he fell into a languor and died two years afterwards.

Both these accounts are discreditable to Madame de Maintenon. If the son's be correct, it is another instance of that stony selfishness, unredeemed by one generous

or even just instinct, which characterized that repulsive woman, at least in her later years. It was she who had led him into disgrace under a pledge she infamously disregarded, therefore it was obviously her duty to save him from the consequences of his indiscretion; but we do not hear of any acknowledgment of her own culpability or even of one word of intercession with his offended master.

But whatever might have been the cause, his disgrace terribly preyed upon the poet's mind, and probably hastened his death. One day, while in his study, he was attacked by such severe pains in the head that he was obliged to be put to bed. He never again left his chamber. Yet his illness was a long and painful one, the result of an abscess in the liver. His parting with Boileau was the most touching incident of his life. When he bade adieu to this old and true friend he raised himself upon his pillow, and, throwing his arms round him, said, "I look upon it as a great blessing for me to have died before you." An operation was performed upon him, but he expired three days afterwards, on the 21st of April 1699, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He stipulated in his will that he should be buried at Port-Royal. "Ah," remarked a courtier, "he would not have dared to express such a wish in his lifetime!" The king settled a pension of two thousand livres on his widow and children, but expressed no word of regret at his loss. Upon Boileau's informing him that the poet had displayed much courage and fortitude upon his deathbed he replied cynically, "I was told as much, and was greatly surprised at it."

Such was Jean Racine, courtier and poet, and more of the former than of the latter; for, like our own Congreve, he preferred to be known as a man of *haut ton* rather than as a man of genius.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A NEW METHOD OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

COMPELLED by an inexorable destiny to wander over the earth's surface, I have ever found myself sharing, to an intense degree, in the aspirations of my fellow-creatures to develop into new and higher conditions, and, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, have not hesitated to offer them freely such counsel and advice as my vivid imagination and extended experience might suggest. Hitherto I must confess that my efforts have been utterly

* Can we believe after this that Louis would strain at such a gnat and yet swallow such a camel as the supposed allusions in "Esther"?

unavailing; but far from being discouraged, I feel constrained to present to a young and rising nation—destined, according to the great Liberal prophet of Great Britain, at no distant date to eclipse the glory and absorb the wealth of our own island realm—a scheme which my recent observations of their tendencies and desires has led me to elaborate; in the hope that its merits will at once be recognized, and that, if they are unable to adopt it in its entirety, they will derive some hints which may prove of real and substantial benefit. It is only natural that, however cosmopolitan the sympathies of an Englishman may be, they should turn most readily to his American cousins; and that, finding himself a prophet without honor in his own country—where people are far too well satisfied with their own opinions, and with the conditions which surround them, to think they need assistance from anybody—he should appeal to that more receptive, progressive, and enlightened branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, where new ideas are eagerly entertained, new tendencies are rapidly developed, new desires constantly expressed, old problems solved, and time-worn habits of thought discarded. To this fresh and promising community, then, I address myself, in the conviction that nothing I can suggest will startle them, and that what may seem to the bigoted and intolerant mind of old-fashioned society absurd or impracticable, will commend itself to so enterprising and vigorous a race as a simple and sensible scheme of social evolution. It is even possible that the stolid intellect of Europe, unable to discriminate between jest and earnest, may regard it as a feeble attempt at satire. Such an insinuation I pass by with contempt. I have never met an American who could deny that, while firmly maintaining that the theory was sound which, in the beautiful language of the Constitution, proclaims that all men were born equal, he was conscious practically that, physically, morally, and intellectually, men are born extremely unequal. In fact, in no country have I ever met a man of any race who did not feel he was very unequal. The same idea is clearly entertained by the higher class of monkeys, and may be observed manifesting itself, in a greater or less degree, throughout the animal kingdom; and it would not be difficult for eminent scientific men to prove that it must even, in a modified form, descend to the oyster. I may here remark incidentally, that I do not think the attention of naturalists has been suffi-

ciently directed to psychological evidences of this kind, by which, apart from all material proof whatever, the ascent of man from the lowest forms of animal life may be clearly traced. I regret I have no time to enter upon this subject more fully here; but it has been necessary to allude to it, because, while the "instinct of inequality" forms the basis of the glorious modern theory in regard to the origin of the human race, it is also the basis upon which my new method of social evolution is constructed. In a word, to make my meaning more clear, as the "instinct of inequality" must be the foundation of the instinct of evolution, without this instinct in the oyster it would never have been possible for the "fittest" to survive and evolve. Evidently it is the result of an aspiration on the part of the oyster to rise above its inferior or "unequal" condition. To use a social rather than a scientific term, it is manifest that we owe our development to the innate snobbishness of the oyster. The theory of evolution, reduced to its social expression, is therefore the theory of snobbishness; and it is from this principle—the grandest, the noblest, and the most powerful that has been implanted in the human breast—that we derive our origin; it is through its mighty influence that we maintain our existence; and it is upon its "latent potencies" that we base our hopes for the future. Implanted more strongly in the Anglo-Saxon race than in any other people on the face of the globe, it has carried the British nation to the pinnacle of greatness and prosperity which it now occupies, though the sentiment is evidently weakening of late under the deleterious influence of a prominent leader in the Liberal party; but it is developing a majesty in the United States which should cause a thrill of pride in the breast of every Englishman when he recognizes how worthy the people of America are proving themselves of the noble heritage they have received from the mother country. Never yet have they thoroughly realized how much they owed to those Pilgrim Fathers, whose hearts throbbing and veins palpitating with the life-sustaining, "naturally selecting" principle of snobbishness, selected, in obedience to its promptings, a noble and virgin continent, upon which their descendants might evolve into social conditions denied to them in their own country. It is to this principle I now wish to appeal, for the purpose of directing it, if possible, to a practical object.

Innumerable evidences confirm my conviction, that no matter what a Constitution,

drawn up to meet exigencies which have passed away, may say politically, socially the principle of equality is doomed in America. In all the larger cities there is a class which openly calls itself, and is openly called by others, the aristocracy; and the more modern members of it are endeavoring as much as possible to adopt the manners and customs of aristocracies in other countries, to contract matrimonial alliances with them, and to bow down before them. They put their servants into livery; emblazon the panels of their carriages with heraldic devices, in which coronets and other insignia of nobility and even of royalty may often be detected. Some have purchased property abroad, and call themselves by its well-sounding foreign name; others have adopted the names of noble families; and some have even gone so far as to assume foreign titles, which they use when abroad, and with the crests and armorial bearings of which, even at home, they stamp their note-paper and decorate their dinner menus. The demand has become so extended in this direction, that two heralds' offices have actually been opened in a fashionable part of New York to meet it, where coats of arms, crests, and mottoes may be obtained to suit the name, taste, rank, and pedigree of the purchaser. A directory, called the "Elite Directory," bound in purple leather, with gilt edges, has been published; and not long ago a newspaper was started in Chicago, called the *Imperialist*, advocating the formation of an aristocracy, and suggesting names for titles which should be adopted. As far back as two hundred years ago, so great a philosopher as John Locke recognized this latent tendency in the constitution which he drew up for the royal colony of South Carolina, one of the provisions of which established a House of Peers, composed of three orders of nobility, severally entitled landgraves, palatines, and caciques—the landgraves to rank with English earls, the palatines with English viscounts, and the caciques with English barons. This lasted for three or four years, and the last landgraviate family has only become extinct in our own times. This spirit, as I have shown, still descends, as it ought, with even greater force to our own day, and through all classes, so that every one who can, however remotely or obscurely, lay claim to any military, political, or judicial title is proud to be addressed by it; while his fellow-citizens meet his wishes in this respect as liberally as possible. Thus even porters and cab-

men are called gentlemen, and laundresses and shopwomen, wash-ladies and sales-ladies. In the same manner, though orders are not permitted in the United States, the men and officers of the militia regiments decorate their breasts with Freemason, Oddfellow, Knight-Templar, Fenian, and other badges, which present a truly martial appearance, and give the wearer an air of having seen much service.

The Congress of the United States, recognizing this upward tendency on the part of the American soldier, passed a special act after the close of the civil war, authorizing all the field-officers of the army of the Union, honorably mustered out of service, to claim the title and wear the uniform of their rank — a privilege which, as the courts of Europe are well aware, has not been left to slumber by such American diplomatists as have been entitled to it.

I have felt both encouraged and edified by the spectacle of General Grant, the late president of the United States, and his entire family, manifesting in a marked degree an abundant instinct of inequality. The sternness with which he insists upon social precedence, to which he can lay no claim, being accorded to him—the grace with which he accepts the homage of those whom he considers his social inferiors—the ease with which he adapts himself to the habits and customs of the aristocracy of each country he visits, with a proud consciousness that it is the class to which he instinctively belongs—the quick recognition by that class that he is entitled to take his place among them as one of nature's "fittest," and to look down, as they do, upon those whom she has not "naturally selected" for social eminence—the gratification of his own countrymen at the honors which have been showered upon this early but magnificent promise of their future aristocracy,—all this, I say, is eminently encouraging, but it only proves how imperative the necessity has become for constructing a social system which shall place matters on an assured basis, and deprive carpers and sceptics of an excuse to taunt those whose irrepressible social ambitions prompt them to assume prerogatives which may not yet legally belong to them, but which, in obedience to the dictates of the great principle to which they owe their origin, they feel compelled to appropriate. What, for instance, could be more unseemly on the part of his own countrymen, than to pick flaws in the title of Brigadier-General Badaud, "A.D.C. in the suite," or to criticise the magnificent decorations and orders

with which he adorned his uniform? Why should such meritorious efforts at evolution be sneered at in the case of this distinguished officer, when they are universally commended on the part of the oyster? Truly has it been remarked, that scientific men are as illogical as theologians. Go onwards and upwards, then, on the bright and glorious road that leads to social eminence, Grant, Badeau, Pierpont, worthy representatives of the noble race from which you have sprung; be not checked by the scoffings of the low-born and envious in your aspirations after precedence, decorations, and pedigree; the time will come when all men will recognize in you, and others who are even now following your example, the pioneers of a new and mighty social development, whose benign and mellowing influence will ultimately extend, if it has not already reached, to the gulches and cañons of California.

It being clear, then, that without social ambition there can be no social evolution—and it being abundantly evident, from the illustrations I have adduced, that the sentiment of social ambition has of late years been acquiring overwhelming and uncontrollable force in the American breast—it follows that the moment is ripe for a specific direction to be imparted to it. Unless this is done, there is a danger of a catastrophic period, accompanied by social and political shocks, which may cause great disaster and even loss of life; whereas, if my plan is followed, there will be no more difficulty in transforming a democracy into an aristocracy than there was in changing a monkey into a man. It will be a smooth, easy, and natural process, very similar to that of rubbing off your tail. What, in fact, are the poor, the low-born, and the uneducated of society, but its tail? Very well, then, if you want to evolve, you must rub it off. Nothing can be more self-evident than that; the question is how to do it without producing irritation. It is inherent to the process of transformation that it is rather painful; no amount of salves or caustics can prevent this; the problem is to have as little soreness as possible. Now it is natural that any attempt to form a new *couche sociale* will leave the class that is left out very sore; therefore it will be necessary to discover a salve which may allay the irritation. The salve I propose is a political one. What do American aristocrats want to do with politics? Absolutely nothing! They won't dirty their fingers with politics even now; how much less should they do so when they are the possessors of real titles! In

all old aristocratic European countries the aristocracy is a part of the political machinery, hence it is constantly brought into unpleasant collision with the masses, and is more or less unpopular, while it holds its position by a precarious tenure. Now in America it would be quite different. Here I propose to construct, in the first instance, a purely social aristocracy, having no special political rights or privileges: what need they care about political recognition at Washington, if they are recognized socially by all the crowned heads of Europe? In fact, it might be advisable that one of their rules should preclude any member of Congress or politician from belonging to their order, though this might be relaxed in favor of ex-presidents and ex-ministers to foreign courts, who could give satisfactory proofs of their having achieved great social success, and manifested a profound contempt for the politics of their own country. This entire exclusion from the arena of politics, while a necessary measure in initiating the order of aristocracy in America, would of necessity only be temporary. The irresistible forces at work would finally, as will appear later, sweep away all obstructions raised by the democracy to the overwhelming development of the aristocracy in every department of life, political and financial as well as social; but the merit of the process consists in the fact that it would be entirely unaccompanied by any open or active effort on their part. Thus beautifully do the forces of nature do their work when they are properly directed.

It is well known to scientific men that the most dangerous and disagreeable moment in the process of evolution is the first; *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. It is then that the animal first feels those well-known curious shooting pains; and though they are accompanied by a certain feeling of gratification arising from the proof they convey to his mind that he has been a specimen selected for the purpose on account of his fitness, still we have the most distinct testimony to the fact that the creature is often in great doubt at this crisis whether "the game is worth the candle." Whatever scoffers may say to the contrary, there is nothing more clearly established than this—so much so that many animals can be proved to have shown hesitation in the early stages of the process. The *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, or duck-bill platypus, is an illustration of this; and the minute observation by naturalists of the mental structure of the aye-aye of Madagascar, proves clearly that

had it not been for an hereditary tendency to vacillation in that animal, he would now have been a perfect ape, instead of being obliged to take refuge in the length of his finger-nails. Many other animals in the same way have thus stuck in the middle, and through a certain feebleness of aspiration have been unable to advance, while a retreat to their former condition, where they were much more comfortable, is cut off from them; for it is also established beyond a question that, however much you may desire it, you cannot evolve backwards. The same rules hold good morally which hold good physically. * Indeed it is clear that this must be so, as recent investigations by scientific men make it absolutely certain that mind is fluent or gaseous matter, and that matter is condensed and solidified mind. From which it follows that it is not impossible that while the social evolution I am about to suggest is in progress, certain physical modifications may occur simultaneously. These, as I have remarked, may be accompanied by shooting pains in the regions about to undergo change. This change will necessarily be in accordance with the dominant social aspiration, and therefore aristocratic in character: thus the nostrils will become thinner, and more pink and distended; the ears smaller and more delicately lobed; the eyebrows more perfectly arched; defective features will be modified so as to assume a more lofty and classical type, hands and feet diminished in size, and changes of form imparting greater elegance and elasticity to the frame will occur. Perhaps I may seem too bold in saying all this *will* occur. At the same time, we have a long train of uninterrupted testimony to prove that if nature be consistent with herself they *must* occur, therefore I feel bound to give this warning to my sympathetic reader; but I do not imagine that the prospect of such a contingency, even though it may be painful, will check his noble ardor to rise. Still, I would suggest, as a preliminary measure, that several secret conferences be held among those who, after reading this essay, feel instinctively drawn together by a common appreciation of the truth, and of the sagacity and research by which it is inspired. These will be the *élite*, the very *crème de la crème* of society. The majority, unable to detect profound wisdom in a form which appeals most exclusively to the trained mind of science, and prejudiced against it by their religious bigotry, will turn it to ridicule; but it is not those I seek to reach. The "fittest" will at once

respond; and it is by them that this great movement will be inaugurated. They will "select" with an unerring instinct those who should, in the first instance, receive titles. They will, in fact, be intuitively prompted by nature as to the selection; from the "Blue Blood" of Philadelphia, from the "Culture" of Boston (Beacon Street), from the "F. F. V." (first families of Virginia); from Canal Street, in New Orleans (right hand side); from the descendants of the great Patroons of New Amsterdam, the Knickerbockers of New York, and the dwellers in Second Avenue; from all that is ancient, sacred, cherished, and aspiring in the suppressed aristocracy of the land—will come the response of the "fittest." They will then form themselves into a secret society—for no profane or vulgar eye may dare to penetrate into the early throes of this period of gestation; but one of their first acts must be to collect funds among themselves for the purchase of titles. As a general thing, it will be found preferable that each man purchase his own title; but there may be cases where it would be advisable to assist him to do so. These may be procured from the republics of San Marino and Andorre, from the prince of Monaco, and from the five Counts Palatine of the Holy Roman Empire, at rates corresponding to the various degrees of impecuniosity of those who are entitled to confer them. The pope, and several of the small German princes, and various governments of Europe, will bestow them for other services besides those which are purely pecuniary; nor will it be impossible for distinguished American families to prove their noble descent sufficiently to the satisfaction of certain foreign powers to warrant their being acknowledged as rightful possessors of titles which they may claim by inheritance. We all know that the representatives of more than one British noble family are now simple citizens of the United States. All this would be remedied by the scheme which I propose. After a certain number of titles had thus been confidentially secured, the right should be obtained by the American order, as soon as it was properly constituted, of conferring them. This may be accomplished in the same way as the transmission of the power of the ordination of bishops depends upon the validity of the source from which it is derived. This power could not properly be contested if it was obtained from the pope; and it is not unlikely that Leo XIII. will ere long find himself so much in need of supp^{ca} that

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he would be glad to conciliate a young and powerful aristocracy by granting them this privilege. When this has been secured, and the order numbers two hundred members, it will formally constitute itself in secret session, and organize the four fundamental institutions upon which its greatness and power will finally depend. These are the two "Colleges of the Order," the "Syndicate of the Order," and the "Tribunal of the Order." The colleges of the order will consist of the "Heralds' College" and the "Electoral College." The Heralds' College will be composed of such members of the order as, according to rules which will necessarily be framed for the guidance of the order, shall be duly qualified. The functions of the Heralds' College will be to supervise all matters connected with armorial bearings, pedigrees, orders of precedence, etc., etc.; it will report upon alliances which it is desirable should be promoted with the members of foreign aristocratic families, and decide upon the titles which, in the interest of the order, new members should assume. In all matters of taste the Heralds' College should reign supreme. Thus, for instance, any one attaining the rank of marquis, and desiring to call himself the Marquis of Mauch Chunk, would be compelled to abide by the veto of the college, if that body, as is most probable, refused, on æsthetic grounds, its assent to the title. It would probably be found convenient that a list of titles, composed chiefly of sonorous and high-sounding names, such as Narragansett, Tuscarora, Onondaga, and Ashtabula, should be kept at the Heralds' College for new members to choose from. The elaboration of the rules and regulations, the code of etiquette in matters of dress, of forms of salutation, and of styles of address in official and private correspondence, will fall into the Heralds' College department. The slovenly manners of the present day, even in old aristocratic countries, are an evidence how much a supervision of this kind is needed; and we have the universal testimony of travellers to the fact, that nowhere is there a race more formed by nature to inaugurate a movement of this sort, than the younger branch of the Anglo-Saxon family; their polite consideration of the fair sex in cars and omnibuses, and other places of public resort, and their chivalrous instincts in matters of single combat, especially in the South, are sufficient evidence that a code of honor might be revived under the auspices of the Heralds' College, to which all Europe would speedily be compelled to conform.

The functions of the Electoral College are more simple: it would be composed only of the oldest and most trusted members of the nobility, whose business it would be to discuss the eligibility, and vote upon the admission, of new members. As the stability and dignity of the order must mainly depend upon the characters of the men who compose it, it is manifest that the functions of the Electoral College are of the utmost importance. This body alone will be vested with the papal authority to confer titles to which I have already alluded.

The "Syndicate of the Order" is, in other words, its financial committee. As the power and influence of every aristocracy in every country must depend rather upon its wealth than anything else, and as land is too common in the New World to add very much to the social position or dignity of its possessor, it is of the first importance that every member of the aristocracy should not only be enormously rich, but that his money should be well and safely invested. As, however, it would be beneath the dignity of a nobleman personally to attend to money matters, or to be engaged in any other business than that connected with the chivalric pursuits of the order, provision for the acquiring and preserving his wealth has to be made otherwise. I may here say that members of the aristocracy will be allowed by the rules of the order, as laid down in the Heralds' College, to enter the army, the navy, and the Church,—the art of first killing people and then saving their souls being one in which all aristocracies have ever been proficient. At the same time, it would be beneath the dignity of an aristocrat to enter any denomination for the latter purpose, unless there was a good prospect of his being able to minister to the spiritual welfare of souls in the capacity of a bishop. In all matters, whether they be connected with people's souls or bodies, the dignity of his order must be his first consideration. Therefore, while he may be in the army or navy, and receive pay without loss of dignity—for he receives it from the government, and not from any one individual; and the function of personal combat is a noble one—under no circumstances could he be a doctor, for he would then have to receive pay from an individual, and the function of saving life for pay has ever been considered by all orders of aristocrats as ignoble. It is not the same with the Church, for here, as I have said, he may rise to a position of great authority and dignity, and he receives his pay not from an individual,

but from masses of individuals collectively. Nevertheless, it is not likely that many members of the order will adopt this calling, nor is it desirable that they should. No objection exists to their engaging in artistic, literary, or scientific pursuits, provided they are not paid for their labors. In order, then, that their riches may continually increase without any effort on their part, the Syndicate of the Order becomes necessary. Its composition is peculiar. In former times, as is well known, the buffoon and the domestic chaplain played an important part in the establishment of every great noble. It has, for obvious reasons, been found no longer necessary to keep private buffoons, and even domestic chaplains are rare; but I would suggest, for reasons which I will presently explain, that the latter should form part of every American nobleman's establishment, while I propose to substitute for the private buffoon an individual whom I will call the "private money-grub." Strange as it may seem, the principal operators on the Stock Exchange, the directors and controllers of the railway, telegraph, and steamship lines of the country, the presidents of banks and insurance companies, the leading merchants, the magnates of finance, in fact, would all eagerly seek the position of private money-grubs, for it would be the only avenue through which they could hope ultimately to become themselves ennobled. The private money-grub, after being allowed by the Syndicate enough to live upon, would have his earnings divided into two equal parts. Half would go to the nobleman to whose household he was attached; the other half would be laid by for his own benefit, until it reached the amount necessary to qualify him to be a candidate for the honors of nobility. By this ingenious method it is plain, that while the aristocracy keep themselves removed from the defiling touch of commerce and business generally, they would indirectly exercise a most powerful influence over the finance of the nation.

In addition to the money-grub and the domestic chaplain, there would also be attached to every noble family the "family counsel." The three would form a triumvirate essential to the maintenance and well-being of every nobleman's establishment above a certain rank, and would serve as checks upon one another. Thus the domestic chaplain might advise the money-grub that a certain financial proceeding was morally right, when it might be necessary for the family counsel, who knew the law, to show that it involved legal

penalties; or, on the other hand, the counsel might advise a course which was legally safe, which the domestic chaplain might show to be attended with moral difficulties. Here the money-grub in his turn would operate as a check on the chaplain, as he would be empowered to reduce the salary of the latter just in proportion as he raised any such difficulties; while both counsel and chaplain would have an interest in seeing that the money-grub did not cheat his noble master, as their only chance of reaching the lower ranks of the nobility would depend upon the fidelity with which they performed this service. By this simple and beautiful system, money would be made under the sanction alike of the law and of the Church, and fraud be rendered impossible. It is needless to remark that, as in many cases the family counsel would occupy the position of judge, the rights and private interests of the aristocracy would be assured in the event of any attempt to attack them by legal proceedings on the part of the democracy.

The Syndicate of the Order, then, would be composed of a certain number of leading money-grubs, of eminent family counsel, and, for the purpose of inspiring confidence, of a small sprinkling of such domestic chaplains as were loudest in their professions of personal piety, and most celebrated for their theological proficiency. These members of the Syndicate would, while preserving each nobleman's fortune independent, act with a certain harmony and concert, and, by skilful combinations, would easily be able to defeat the schemes of the financial democracy, who, as a rule, are treacherous in their combined operations, and live by plundering and cheating each other. A certain proportion of the fortune of each nobleman would nevertheless be placed in a common fund, to be used for purposes common to the interests of the order—such as the building of clubs, churches, or theatres, which should be frequented exclusively by the members of the aristocracy and the untitled friends whom they might admit to such privileges. Another part of this fund, to be called the "dower fund," would be devoted exclusively to the providing of portions or *dots* for such daughters of noblemen as it was thought desirable, for the due propagation and maintenance of the order, should contract alliances with the foreign noblemen, who, being almost always mercenary, require as a first condition suitable marriage settlements. These would of course be graduated according to the beauty of the young lady, the rank of the proposed bridegroom, and the advantages in point

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of connection and influence which he had to offer. Such questions would not, however, fall within the province of the Syndicate, who would simply have to provide the money, but of the Heralds' College, without whose concurrence and approval no marriages among the aristocracy, either at home or abroad, could be contracted. This is necessary for purposes of physical evolution, as it is of the utmost importance, in order to produce the highest organic results, that the strain of blood should be kept pure. The neglect of this simple precaution must inevitably prevent any further development on the part of existing aristocracies, who will thus remain in an imperfect and rudimentary condition, and finally occupy very much the same relation to the aristocracy of America that the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Bosjesmen of south Africa, or the aboriginal natives of Australia do to the Caucasian race. I have taken the trouble to make calculations, based upon the analogy of similar changes in the past, about which no doubt or mistake is possible, and I find that upwards of two million seven hundred and fifty thousand years must elapse before this contrast will exist to the marked extent I have described; the change, however, will be watched with the greatest care and precision by scientific men, who will all ultimately themselves be compelled, in order to escape this fate, to become American noblemen.

I have been led into this slight digression in order to show how grand and inspiring is the mission which the aristocracy of the New World has before it. It is needless to say that it will be aided in its development by the peculiarly favorable conditions, both of soil and climate, which are special to the western hemisphere. While the nations of Europe, in obedience to those sanguinary instincts which prove their close connection with the *fera natura* from which they are descended, are engaged in a fierce and bloody struggle, from which it is very doubtful whether the fittest will survive, the American aristocracy will be peacefully and intelligently improving its breed. Carefully avoiding, under the direction of their domestic chaplains, any differences of opinion on matters of theology, which can in no way advance the interests of the order, they will not feel disposed to commit "atrocities" on Christian principles, or otherwise check the physical progress of the race, out of regard for its spiritual welfare.

We now come to the fourth and last institution, the "Tribunal of the Order." This will be composed of the most emi-

nent and learned noblemen duly elected, together with a few family counsel who are most eligible for promotion. It will constitute a sort of court of appeal from the Heralds' College. Before it will be tried the cases of all such noblemen as have infringed the laws of the order, by assuming honors to which they are not entitled; treating with indifference the rules of etiquette; conducting themselves in private life, or in their intercourse with the democracy, in a manner unbecoming their dignity; marrying or giving in marriage in disregard to the veto of the Heralds' College,—and so forth. It will be a court of reference and arbitration in all cases of dispute between members of the order; and it will try money-grubs, family counsels, or domestic chaplains, who may have proved unfaithful to their trust. There will be a scale of pains and penalties inflicted proportionate to the offence committed, the most severe of which will be expulsion from the order, with deprivation of rank, and excommunication from all social intercourse whatever. Under no circumstances will noblemen be permitted to bring lawsuits against each other before the established judicatory of the country. This is partly because it would not comport with their dignity to do so, and partly because the judges, being elected by the democracy, and being themselves plebeian, would, except in the case of a family counsel happening to be a judge, decide upon democratic principles, which, as a rule, do not further the ends of justice. The Tribunal of the Order would therefore, in serious cases, have recourse to the far safer, more enlightened, and more expeditious method of trial by single combat before a jury of peers, according to the rules thereunto provided.

From all this it will be seen that the nobles, while refraining from pursuits involving the acquisition of wealth, or from in any way mixing with the common herd, will be by no means an idle class. Besides indulging in horse-racing, yachting, coaching, hunting, and other manly sports, they will have three professions open to them in addition to the domain of art, science, and literature; besides which, the two colleges and tribunal will give ample serious occupation to such of their members as have the privilege of belonging to these bodies. It is desirable that they should travel extensively, and spend much of their time in social intercourse with the aristocracies of other countries. They will probably find life in the country houses of the British aristocracy especially congenial to their tastes. Here they will be well re-

ceived, and there will be no objection in point of taste or etiquette to their protracting such visits indefinitely. It would be considered a duty and a privilege in England to entertain the nobility of America—a hospitality which the latter could return by restoring the fortunes of many poor and decaying families of the British aristocracy, by bestowing upon the eldest sons well-portioned daughters. Having no extensive landed possessions, they would probably not have castles in the country in which to receive their noble guests, should they return their visits; but this could be arranged by a system of palatial hotels, such as already exist in the country. These would be five stories high, corresponding to the ranks of nobility—dukes being accommodated on the first floor, marquises on the second, and so on.

It is probable that the identity of race, language, and religion would create a far closer sympathy and alliance between the aristocracies of England and America than between those of any other countries; and they could in many ways be mutually beneficial to each other. The degrading tendency which now characterizes the British nobility of entering into all kinds of commercial pursuits might thus be checked. Instead of going into the city, and eking out a precarious and not very reputable livelihood as a guinea-pig on the boards of questionable companies, the impecunious scion of aristocracy would be ashamed to degrade an order, the American branch of which was setting an example of purity, dignity, and the highest sentiments of honor. Indeed it is highly probable that numbers of the cadets of noble families in England, finding that the American nobility offered advantages which their own did not, would apply for admission into its ranks. Such cases would come under the rules laid down in the *Heralds' College*, regulating the admission of applicants from foreign aristocracies.

These rules would be very strict in all matters of pedigree and antiquity of title; thus no British aristocrat, whose creation did not date back beyond the first settlement of America, would be eligible. No members of any French family ennobled since the Revolution of 1789 need apply. Austrian candidates must all prove their sixteen quarterings, and so on. Nor would this rule be relaxed in favor of royal or ex-royal families. While the Hapsburgs, Bourbons, Guelphs, Hohenzollerns, and even Romanoffs, would be eligible, the Bernadottes of Sweden and all the Bonaparte family, including the Prince Imperial,

would be excluded. One must draw the line somewhere.

I have said that when the order numbered two hundred, it was in a position to constitute itself secretly. When it had organized its four institutions, formulated its rules, and completed its social structure in every respect, the moment would have arrived when it would be its duty openly to announce its existence and enter upon its functions. When I remarked that naturalists had observed, in the case of the animal kingdom, that the first step in the process of evolution was the most painful, I neglected to state that the last moment, though not attended with any physical suffering, is extremely distressing to the moral sensibilities of the animal: thus, when the first man openly and boldly stepped forth entirely tail-less, his modesty and shyness were so great that the first use he made of his newly awakened intelligence was to clothe himself. We must all feel instinctively that this could not have been otherwise. In the same way philologists have proved that, if you go back far enough, the syllable expressed by our letters "f, i, g," forms the common root from which all languages have since evolved, with the exception of the languages of certain savage tribes, who are still entirely naked. This is accounted for by the fact that these people developed from a race of monkeys who were themselves originally tail-less, and they were therefore spared any shock of this kind; and so their language, not being based upon the sense of modesty, has not the common idea of clothing expressed by the word "fig" as its root, as is the case with the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian families.

It is a singular fact, and I would venture, with great diffidence, and at the same time with the utmost certainty, to assert that it is a fact of which I am the sole discoverer, that the tailed monkey should have evolved a much higher human development than the untail; and yet this is only in obedience to the well-known law, that life as it exists on earth "gradates" from very simple into highly complex types, frequently, however, in its gradation missing a link, or taking two steps at a time, as it were. In this way the tail-less monkey was partially skipped by nature, and has thus duly developed into the lower type of still unclothed man. I have used this illustration because it exactly applies to the sensations of modesty of which the American aristocracy will be painfully conscious when they first announce themselves to the world. Their instinct, in order to escape the ridicule of the ill-bred, jealous, and ig-

norant classes, will be to hide themselves from the public gaze. This tendency they must boldly resist: let them clothe themselves in the panoply of their order, in their robes and coronets, and appear in state carriages, each drawn by eight horses, with coachmen in powdered wigs, with footmen gorgeous in blazing liveries, preceded by mounted heralds. Let the new order be proclaimed with the blare of trumpets in the public places of all the principal cities in the Union. False modesty at such a moment would be criminal; let them remember that they are inaugurating a social crisis, which must affect the destiny of every aristocracy in Europe. Supposing this anxious period safely passed, and that they compel, as they will, the recognition of all the right-minded classes of society who are animated with the proper social aspirations, they will be afflicted for some time with a tendency to relapse into their old habits, which must be guarded against. Here, again, the analogy of evolution serves as a guide and a warning. When man first developed he was conscious of singular prehensile sensations, producing an irresistible desire to follow the instinct which still lingered with him, and to hang by his tail, and crack nuts. His newly developed reason, however, always came to the rescue in time; by a process of ratiocination, which was necessarily slow, owing to the still imperfect condition of his protoplasm, he perceived that the attempt would be futile and ridiculous, and he refrained. This is a striking illustration of the superiority of reason over instinct. It applies, in the case before us, to the dangerous instinct by which the American nobleman will be at once assailed, to lapse back into money-making. The instinct of commerce and bargaining will be as strong in him at the outset as the tail-hanging, nut-cracking instinct was in the ape; but it will be resisted, and no doubt successfully, by his intellect. After a very short time it will pass away, and he will soon feel no more desire to "operate" financially than he does now to swing on the branches of trees.

The next danger to be avoided is a tendency to a too rapid increase in the numbers of the order. It is evident that it can only maintain its exclusive character, and the *prestige* by which it can command the respect of the public mind, by refusing to open its ranks too rapidly to those who will seek to press into them. Evolution is specialization; therefore, in its physical progress, there are always to be noticed two distinct processes going on side by

side—the development of a tissue, and the wasting of the parts at the expense of which it grows. The same thing will occur morally; in proportion as the social tissue of the aristocracy develops will there be a tendency on the part of the democracy to waste away. In order to prevent this going on too fast, it must be met by checking the too rapid increase of the numbers and ranks of the nobility. Thus, in the first instance, the highest rank should only be that of earl; it is probable that it will be found most consonant with American tastes to adopt English titles, as by these means the wives and daughters will all be styled lady. Before entering the ranks of the nobility, money-grubs, family counsels, and domestic chaplains will be made knights, baronets, and bishops; then will come the ranks of barons, viscounts and earls. By degrees, as the order swells in numbers, and its wealth and power increase, marquises, dukes, and princes may be created, but only in small numbers and at great intervals, promotion to these ranks being dependent upon their combined physical and moral fitness—a question to be decided by the Electoral College. The proportion of the titled aristocracy to the democracy should not be more than one thousand to fifty million. The younger sons, while belonging to the aristocracy, should have as a distinctive appellation the words "Honorable Sir" prefixed to their Christian names. The Sir is necessary to distinguish them from members of Congress, from State legislators, and other political functionaries who now enjoy the title of Honorable. The daughters below a certain rank will be styled Honorable Misses. Younger sons and daughters may, under certain circumstances, with the approval of the Herald's College, marry into the families of such wealthy plebeians as may be likely to be elected into the order, as it is desirable to form a sort of middle class by these means, from which the ranks of the aristocracy may be slowly recruited.

By degrees the democracy will waste away and become enfeebled, in obedience to the law to which I have already alluded; and the influence of this middle class will extend downwards in a manner which must surely, sooner or later, affect the political condition of the country. Thus the nation at large will gradually undergo such modifications under the pressure of its aristocracy, as will prepare it for a revolution almost imperceptible in its progress, but which will alter fundamentally its republican character. Political power will

eventually slip away from the corrupt classes who now control it, as they become weak and enervated, and inevitably fall into the more sturdy grasp of those who are themselves aspirants for aristocratic honors. All this will occur without any direct intervention on the part of the nobility, but will be the necessary result of revolutionary forces working through the physical and social into the political sphere. In the process of their evolution, politics will thus at last become sufficiently purified for the aristocracy to consider other questions than those which exclusively affect the well-being of their order, and actually to take an interest in the good government and prosperity of their country—a pursuit from which they will have long been excluded. Thus there will finally be evolved a form of government such as has never hitherto existed. It will be oligarchical in character—as intensely anti-republican, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, as it will be anti-monarchical. While combining the advantages of both systems, it will exclude their defects, for autocracy and mobocracy will be alike impossible. The days of emperor and demagogue will be forever ended, and the power of the plutocrat have utterly passed away. What the exact character will be of the administrative machinery which will be devised by a class alike honorable, intelligent, patriotic, and, above all, disinterested, it is not for me to attempt to explain; those familiar with the laws of evolution will know, given the premises as I have given them, how they must of necessity develop. It is therefore competent to any scientific intellect to construct the whole fabric by the usual deductive process; and it would be a mere work of supererogation, and, indeed, a reflection upon the intelligence of the best minds of the day, were I to enter upon it more fully here. It is enough for me to have shadowed forth the outlines of the great social crisis now impending over the New World. If, by anticipating the movement which is inevitable, I have been enabled to assist those who are destined to inaugurate it; if I should be the one to give it that impetus which is always required to set in motion a mighty idea, I would disclaim all credit for this humble effort which may lead to such vast and magnificent results, well knowing that it would have been utterly unavailing were it not for the powerful forces of nature known to be at work, and the consequently receptive condition of those to whom it is addressed.

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THE UNDEFINABLE IN ART.

ALL of us, probably, have learnt to distinguish between the type of man who loves clear intellectual light before everything, and who derives pleasure from objects and ideas only so far as he defines and understands them, and the other type of man who delights to abandon himself to an unthinking emotional state, and to steep his mind, so to speak, in a stream of vague feeling. This contrast meets us in various regions of life. For example: social intercourse is to some simply an opportunity of exchanging clear ideas, and sharing in sentiments which repose on definite convictions. For another class, converse with others owes its value to the opportunity it affords for indulging in vague emotions. Such persons love society only so far as it provides them with the contagion of half-expressed feeling, the delicious thrills of sympathetic emotion, and the exhilarating expansion of soaring with a kindred spirit into the dim regions of poetic fancy. The same contrast presents itself in relation to nature. There is on one side the curious, enquiring, and scientific attitude of mind, and on the other side the dreamily contemplative and the emotional attitude. To the first, nature is a mine of facts and truths; to the other, a wellspring of vague emotional consciousness.

The lover of art might be supposed to belong altogether to the second group. Yet, though all æsthetic taste involves some emotional sensibility, there is within the limits of the class sharing in this capacity a clearly marked distinction between the intellectual and the emotional cultivators of the beautiful. The former are mainly concerned with clarifying their æsthetic impressions, with apprehending the sources of pleasure in nature and art; the latter live rather to enjoy beauty without understanding it, and to have the delights of art with the least admixture of definite thought.

It is commonly supposed that what is known as æsthetic culture tends to elevate the intellectual at the expense of the emotional. The education of taste, it may be said, consists in the main in a development of the powers of attention, discrimination, and comparison. The very frequent use of the term *connoisseur* (*cognoscente*) for an artistically cultivated person seems to show that a refined taste in matters of art means a highly intellectualized taste. If so, however, it looks as if the higher æsthetic culture would tend to exclude the

vague and indefinite emotional effects described just now. One might even urge that it is impossible for an aesthetically trained mind ever to suspend the intellectual functions in order to taste of the mysterious delights of the unthinking dreamer.

There is a measure of truth in these remarks; yet they do not accurately represent the facts. Aesthetic culture does, no doubt, tend to make our enjoyment of art more intelligent; on the other hand, it no less certainly tends to deepen and widen our emotional capacity itself. Now the peculiar delight experienced in yielding oneself entirely to an indefinite emotional impression may be viewed as one mode of aesthetic pleasure in which culture enables us to share. Indeed, one might reason that the full measure of such vague emotional satisfaction has for its condition a certain degree of intellectual culture. For in its highest degrees this delight takes the form of a sense of the undefined and the mysterious, and this presupposes habits of reflection. A rude peasant is pleasantly moved by nature's works; but he does not reflect on the nature of the feelings thus awakened. It is only the reflective mind which consciously enjoys the mysterious aspects of things. As a matter of observation, too, minds of the highest artistic training frequently manifest a marked disposition to this mode of enjoyment. Contemporary English art, including painting and poetry, illustrates an impulse among some of the most cultivated lovers of art to make prominent this ingredient of the vague and undefined. Further, observation tells us that a susceptibility to these effects of art is not incompatible with a quick and vigorous intellectual appreciation. To name a single example, Robert Schumann, in the interesting papers reprinted from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and recently translated into English, shows us in a striking manner a happy combination of a love of intellectual light with a feeling for the obscure and the undefined in art.

It will be admitted, we think, that it is well to cultivate this capacity of vague emotional enjoyment, if it can be shown that intellectual comprehension in art has its limits, and that there is always a larger region of art-effect in which the pleasure must be of an undefined and unexplained nature. If art can be shown to yield modes of delight which are unsusceptible of being connected with definite ideas by reflection, a person will clearly be the loser if his desire for intellectual light is so supreme as to unfit him for those modes

of enjoyment. It will be the object of this paper to show that art does produce impressions of this kind, and that, however highly developed the intellectual appreciation of beauty, there remains a wide margin of emotional effect which intellectual reflection cannot render definite. In other words, we shall try to establish this proposition,—that the control of the emotions by the intellect in art has its limits, and that in the delight of the connoisseur, no less truly than in that of the unreflective tyro, there blend innumerable elements which cannot be referred to definite objective sources.

In the first place, then, it is worth remarking that, even within the region of art-impression which intellectual reflection is able to render clear and precise, there is room for the realization of a certain vague emotional effect. This looks at first sight paradoxical, no doubt, but it can be easily made intelligible. It is to be remembered that the process of reducing an impression received from a work of art to definite elements cannot be completely performed in a single moment; it takes time. Our powers of attention are greatly limited, and we are unable to reflect distinctly in one act on more than a small area of impression. As a consequence of this, at any single moment our consciousness is made up of regions having very unequal degrees of illumination. One impression or feeling is reflected on, and so appears clear and distinct; but outside there are circles of consciousness, feelings, and thoughts, which are vague and undefined. Thus at any given moment the impression we receive from a work of art consists of clear and obscure feelings, which latter can only be made luminous in their turn at the expense of the former.

Let us illustrate this in the case of pictorial art, and let us take a picture which has attracted a good deal of notice of late—the "Venus Mirror" of Mr. Burne Jones. When, for example, we are passing the eye over the several details—the gracefully set figures, the water with its soft reflections, the quiet landscape behind—we are at each successive moment elevating one impression or group of impressions after another into clear consciousness, while the rest fall back into the dim regions of the sub-conscious. Each ingredient—the illuminated and the unilluminated—is alike essential. When, for instance, we are deriving an intellectual satisfaction from some particular virgin-shape or gentle face, the many other pleasing elements of the picture contribute each a little rillet of indiscriminated emotion; and these

obscure or "sub-conscious" currents of feeling serve to swell the impression of any single instant, making it full and deep. It is the same when we try to bring a number of details under some aspect of unity or harmony. If, for instance, in the picture alluded to, we attend to the delicious modulation of color, or if, with certain admiring critics, we are able to derive an ineffable enjoyment from the dominant sentiment of the scene, in each case there coexists in our mind with the clear perception of this relation or phase an obscure undiscriminating sense of the many details which all help, according to their rank in the artist's scheme, to make the painting an embodiment of the beautiful and the fountain of a rich and varied delight.

It will be seen, then, that vague emotion is inseparable from every complex work of art. At no single moment is the whole of its charm clear and intelligible to us. We must be content at each instant to enjoy one portion, through the play of intellectual attention and comparison, while accepting the rest on trust, so to speak, knowing we are able in turn to bring it under the same illuminating influence. In this mode of enjoyment, intellect is fully occupied and amply gratified; on the other hand, the peculiar delight which belongs to the vague and mysterious is never wholly expelled from consciousness.

It is to be observed, further, that the development of art, so far from lessening this ingredient in art-pleasure, would rather seem to increase it. Higher works of art are distinguished from lower and elementary ones by being more complex, by having more numerous elements, also a larger number of uniting relations; in other words, a more intricate unity, dominating a wider diversity. Now, though it is true that art-culture expands our capabilities of attention and comparison, so that we are able to embrace a larger number of details under a single aspect of unity, it is no less certain that the more complex a work of art, the larger must be the region of the obscure and undiscriminated at any single moment. If we contrast the state of mind of a child admiring a new doll, and that of an artist contemplating the Laocoon, we shall see that, while there is vastly more of intellectual activity in the former case than in the latter, there is also, in any given moment, a wider area of undetermined pleasure.

We may now turn to a second main ground of the vague in æsthetic impression. Not only is the intellectual reduction of the æsthetic material necessarily partial at each successive moment; it is

altogether excluded from certain modes of art-enjoyment: that is to say, the element of the strange and mysterious does not disappear even when attention is turned to this particular quarter. After all, it is only a portion of our delight, which we are able to separate into distinct ingredients, and to refer to definite objects, relations, or ideas. In all our fuller and mingled enjoyments there seem to blend strange elements, which escape all our attempts to seize and to subject them to intellectual control. When, for example, we watch from some Alpine eminence the splendid miracle of a sunset, we are conscious of thrills of emotion which by no skill of reflection can we attach to definite perceptions or their attendant suggestions.

The truth is, that however keen and inquisitive our minds, however well disciplined our intellects, our power of taking apart the contents of our consciousness is always limited. We think, perhaps, that we resolve a feeling called forth by a beautiful picture or a pathetic poem into its ultimate elements; yet, on further reflection, we shall find that we never really effect such an exhaustive analysis.

In the first place, then, every beautiful object, whether of nature or of art, calls up a large number of pleasurable feelings. We roughly mark off portions of this effect, setting down one to sensuous impressions, another to relations of harmony and proportion, another to particular emotions, as wonder, love, and so on. Yet, if we carefully consider the matter, we must be aware that this process is never other than inexact. In the whole impression of a peaceful landscape, for example, we cannot be sure that we make an accurate and exhaustive analysis when we enumerate a few prominent features of the scene with their imaginative suggestions. On the contrary, we are always confident that we leave many sources of gratification undetected. The whole effect, further, seems to be something more than the sum of the separate elements, even supposing these to be ascertained. In the scene before us the pleasures of light, color, and form, and of poetic suggestion partially blend and lose their distinct characters. In other words, the intermingling of these elements affects us differently from the elements experienced apart. Thus a complex object of art always contains an unresolved factor, and so presents a mysterious side to our perceptions.

Let us now go a step further. We will suppose that the total impression of a work of art has been broken up by reflection into groups of elements emotional

and sensuous. Yet even this division does not get rid of the element of mystery. Thus the emotional effects of art are by no means perfectly intelligible. Any one who has accustomed himself to reflect on the feelings called forth by the beautiful, the sublime, the comic, and so on, must have learnt how impossible it is to make clear and definite all the separate sources of the pleasure. How strangely and inextricably, for example, do numerous pulsations of feeling mingle in the effects of humor! Who can define all the elements which co-operate to produce the peculiar charm of a figure like Don Quixote, or Mr. Carlyle's Teufelsdröck? We can only lay the finger on a few points here and there which call forth merry laughter, gentle pity, and nascent admiration: we cannot say whence comes all the peculiar delight which such objects minister to our minds. It is the same with the effects of the sublime. When gazing on a chain of Alpine peaks motionless and charmed in the magical air, we feel ourselves strangely moved, being now lifted up with a sympathetic sense of large power and perfect freedom, now partially subdued by a recognition of the possible relations of this power to our own feeble forces. Yet in vain do we seek to refer to definite impressions and associated ideas all the thrills of emotion which combine in this effect.

Finally, we do not eliminate all mystery, even when we reach that part of æsthetic effect which best lends itself to a minutely discriminative attention, namely, sensuous impression. When listening to a complex orchestral movement with which we are pretty familiar, we seem to ourselves to be able to separate one mass of tones from another, and to refer the whole of the ear's delight to a number of simple impressions. In point of fact, however, this separation is always very rough and incomplete. The whole pleasure of an orchestral chord, with its richly varied "tone color," does not easily break up into a number of single sensations; the very combination of the elements seems to disguise and transform to some extent the characteristic effects of the single constituents. In other words, the value of the tone elements apart and in combination is not the same, and consequently discriminative reflection fails to define the whole effect. It is much the same with colors in combination.

This however is not all. Even when we have reached what we call the elements of sensation, our analysis is only a rough and proximate one. Recent science tells us that what appears to our consciousness an elementary sensation of tone or of color

is in reality compounded of simple sensuous elements. The pleasure of a rich full note from a reed instrument, or still better from a human voice, arises, according to Helmholtz, from a fusion of many partial tones, which the unpractised ear is unable to separate. To this circumstance Helmholtz refers a part of the mystery of music. In tones there dimly reveal themselves to our consciousness a plurality of simpler sensations which blend with and disguise one another. The same authority tells us that our seemingly simple sensations of color are never strictly elementary. It is true that we do not ordinarily feel anything mysterious in a pure "primary" color, as scarlet or blue. Yet if the reader will carefully observe the effect produced by a rotating disc, with segments variously colored, when its motion is not too rapid, he will probably find that a vague sense of a number of hues, blending in one result and color, lends a peculiar charm to the impression. Hence it is not impossible certain intermediate colors, as orange and warm violet, owe a part of their æsthetic value to a faint consciousness of the elementary impressions which compose these tints.

We have hitherto been speaking of the feelings called forth by art only so far as they depend on impressions and ideas supposed to be now present to the mind. Regarded in this way, they involve an element of the mysterious, just because our power of analytic reflection is limited. That is to say, the elements of pleasure are too numerous, and mix too freely, for our minds to effect a complete separation of them. But there is a further obstacle to this process of separating and detecting the separate ingredients of art-pleasure. The impressions which objects produce on our minds are a growth of many past experiences. A quiet valley does not affect a young lad as it affects a middle-aged man. To the latter it presents ideal aspects and offers emotional suggestions which do not exist for the former. It faintly reminds him, among other things, of long days of toil, of renewed visions of repose from the fatiguing excitements of the world. Yet the thoughts thus called up are of the vaguest; and much of the emotional power of the associations which gather about objects with growing experience is wholly undefinable. A feeling is produced, but the mental image which would explain this feeling is irrecoverable. We are strangely moved by the first sight of a foreign city, reposing amidst sheltering hills, or by some passing effect of light and color in our habitual surround-

ings, or by the tones of a strange voice; yet no distinct recollection accompanies the impression, and we are at a loss to explain this effect. In the case of all the more familiar classes of objects, there grow up innumerable associations which all serve to add to the emotional effect, though they do not rise into consciousness as definite ideas. The sky above us, the cool glade, the rounded hill, the murmuring shore — these and other objects acquire for the mature man a meaning which is too deep to be sounded by the intellectual line.

Not only do objects and groups of objects thus collect about them mysterious forces in relation to our emotions, but the various elementary qualities of objects acquire a deeper emotional significance with growing experience; and this is very frequently quite untranslatable into terms of definite ideas. To the cultivated adult visual forms and colors, also tones of various pitch and of special *timbre*, become invested with a full, deep charm, — yet a charm which cannot be clearly understood, since the innumerable associations which sustain it are lost to view.

Recent scientific speculation opens up a yet deeper ground for this element of the mysterious in the impressions produced by works of nature and art. According to the evolutionist's view of mental growth, our emotions are built up not only of our own individual experiences, but also of those of many generations of ancestors. Here all distinct recollection is plainly excluded. We cannot recall the experiences of our remote forefathers. If, as is said, the charm of landscape is in part to be referred to feelings which have been handed down from our savage ancestors delighting in the chase, this charm must, it is evident, present itself to us as something mysterious. Hence, perhaps, much of that unaccountable emotional effect which is produced in our minds by certain aspects of nature. In the fascination of the restless sea, of wild mountain and of dim wood, of rushing stream and of whispering tree, may there not lie concealed traces of countless experiences of countless generations of uncivilized man? This line of reflection serves, as our evolutionist teachers have pointed out, to account for the deeper unfathomable effects of music; since musical tones may be regarded as the urns, so to speak, which conserve the remains of myriads of utterances of sad and joyous human experience. So, too, the special effects of peculiar colors — the energy of red, the coolness of green, and the deep

repose of blue — may rest in part on long-fixed associations. Thus, throughout the scale of æsthetic sensation and emotion, the influences of ancestral experience and of hereditary transmission may be at work, imparting elements of feeling for which the intellectual consciousness vainly tries to find definite objective sources.

Thus far we have been regarding the element of the mysterious in art as dependent on the limits of distinct attention and of analytic reflection. In these cases we feel the presence of something vague and undefined just because we are unable to refer the feelings of the moment to some well-defined objective impression or suggested idea. There is, however, another way in which this element enters into art. Certain modes of æsthetic pleasure directly depend on vague mental representation as their essential condition, and disappear as soon as reflection seeks to give exactness and definiteness to the ideas. This effect is abundantly illustrated in what is often marked off as the imaginative side of art. Let us just glance at one or two of its principal varieties.

In the first place, then, art affords us enjoyment by presenting to our minds subtle threads of similarity binding together things widely diverse in most of their attributes. The gratification in these cases reposes on a momentary apprehension of the point of analogy, and is at once disturbed and destroyed when we begin to reflect closely on the objects or events thus linked together. The most striking example of this effect is given us in poetic similes, including all epithets which are not, strictly speaking, appropriate to the objects to which they are applied, but which bring them for an instant into affinity to other and heterogeneous objects, as "the moaning sea." In all such cases we look at the object through the veil which a transforming imagination throws over it, and the very essence of this imaginative pleasure is involved in keeping the mental representation obscure and undefined. It may be observed that the sense of the mysterious is fuller and intenser when the figurative expression is a new one, and connects things which we are not accustomed to view together. To speak of dawn as a rosy maiden does not strike us as strange, for we have long grown accustomed to the figure. On the other hand, a new and bold simile which brings unlike things together for the first time, as when Milton likens evening to a

Sad votarist in palmer's weeds,

impresses us as something mysterious. It

is further to be noticed that the sense of mystery is much livelier when the poetic figure is not too carefully elaborated. Homer's minutely worked-out similes call up ideas with so much distinctness, that we lose the delicious sense of vagueness which belongs to the more fugitive comparisons of modern poetry.

This remark naturally leads to the reflection that poetry cannot supply this effect of vague suggestion in its deepest and intensest form. Words are always definite, and the images called up by them, even though shadowy and incomplete as wholes, have the particular aspect indicated by the term sharply defined. The suggestions of musical tones, on the other hand, are necessarily obscure, since these tones do not exactly answer to any natural impressions, and only suggest ideas through very rough resemblances. This circumstance helps to lend to music its peculiar depth of mystery. When listening to a quaint picturesque movement of Schumann, our mind's eye dimly recognizes numerous affinities to natural sounds, as murmuring breeze, gurgling waterfall, children's laughter, and so on; yet no distinct images are called up, and our delight remains shrouded in a mist of obscure fancy.

The second main region of undefinable suggestion, and so of the sense of the mysterious in art, is that of imagination in its narrow sense. We refer to those effects of art which depend on a full play of fancy in the recipient of the impression. The artist, whether painter or poet, is said in many cases to leave something to the imagination; that is to say, he does not seek to make all parts of his artistic representation clear and definite, but leaves a territory of the undefined in which the spectator's or hearer's imagination may construct for itself. The novelist thus appeals to our imagination when he draws the veil over some scene of exquisite pathos or of preternatural delight. The painter does this too when he just suggests regions lying beyond that of his picture, into which our fancy may wander in dreamy mood. And, generally in so far as art presents its object incompletely, defining a portion only, and simply pointing to what lies beyond, it illustrates this mode of the mysterious.

This undefined region, left veiled for the imagination to penetrate, includes more than might at first be supposed. It must be remembered that the objects which nature presents to us are themselves not always clearly definable. When we look away over a wide landscape, the remoter regions are but dimly perceived, and be-

yond them our imagination frames wholly invisible tracts. So, too, when we try to apprehend the events of the remoter periods of history, we do not distinctly seize the reality, but only reach a vague and fragmentary conception of the whole order of events. Thus the remote in space and in time always wears to our imagination a certain air of mystery. Not only so, all that is vast in its dimensions loses in definiteness. The huge mountain has a mystery which the tiny hillock wants, just because it presents a greater object to our perceptive faculties, and one which they cannot easily grasp in a single intuition. Still deeper is the mystery when the limits of the object are wholly undefined. Here we have a presentation of the infinite, which our imagination forever seeks to compass, yet never succeeds in rendering definite. An opening in the evening clouds, discovering unfathomable depths of transparent air, makes such an appeal to our imagination. The long flux of years which the page of history, and still more that of geology, presents to us, affects us similarly. We vainly try to reduce all these magnitudes to terms of our definite and reproducible experiences.

Now art is able, in a number of ways, to represent these uncompassable magnitudes to our fancy. The painter loves to crown his picture with some opening into unmeasured space. Milton delights to unfold in dim outline the vast spaces which enfold the earth, including the towering heights of heaven and the deep abysses of hell. And the same poet knows how to stir our imaginations to lofty effort by passing in review vast and incalculable ages of time. Poetry is specially favored in this respect, since it knows how to magnify every object and every quality by the use of a vague and emphatic vocabulary. By a single expression the poet can excite our imagination to energetic action. Whether it be distance in space or in time, or the magnitude of a physical or moral force, or the degree of a moral or æsthetic quality, his rich storehouse of terms enables him to present the object to our view with its outline blurred, so to speak, and its dimensions undefined. What a mysterious charm belongs to such words as "huge," "vasty," "fathomless," "immeasurable," "boundless," when appropriately employed!

It would be interesting to compare the different arts in respect of their capability of supplying the peculiar modes of vague delight here described. So far as this depends on the limits of simultaneous attention, and on the co-operation of secondary

and sub-conscious currents of feeling, there will be a marked difference between the arts of coexistence and of succession; that is to say, the arts which appeal to the eye and those which address themselves to the ear. Poetry and music unfold their contents in a succession of impressions, and so far the whole of the object is, little by little, brought under the control of a discriminating attention. Only in the case of the more complex chords of music is there a considerable simultaneous claim on attention. In the visual arts of painting and sculpture, on the other hand, a large number of details are presented in one and the same moment; and, though we may successively attend to particular features, there is always a large region of the vaguely discerned present to consciousness. In another respect, however, the arts of succession are less definite than those of coexistence, namely, in their general aspect as connected, harmonious wholes. When we appreciate the harmonies of form and sentiment which dominate in a picture, we have all the terms of the relations present to us. The eye can rapidly pass and re-pass from one point to another, and so by frequent repetition make the perception of the whole distinct and clear. On the other hand, when we gather up the series of impressions left by a beautiful poem or musical composition, we have to trust to recollection for the details. The various elements which are to be combined as parts of a harmonious whole exist now only as half-blurred mental images, and hence our perceptions of form in these arts are never so clear and exact as in the arts of coexistence.

Let us now turn to the second ground of vagueness in the impressions of art, namely, the impossibility of reaching well-defined elements, whether sensations or ideas, by successive concentrations of attention. So far as the separation of the sensuous material in art-pleasure is concerned, there seems to be some little difference between the arts which employ visual and auditory impressions. We break up melodies into separate tones, yet these still seem to contain some further secret. On the other hand, colors do for the most part appear to consciousness as perfectly simple sensations.

A greater difference presents itself in relation to the depth of associated feelings. Colors do not for the most part stir the mysterious emotional currents which are set in motion by tones. A color presents itself to our minds more as a well-defined object of perception, as a quality of external things to be discriminated and inter-

preted by the intellect. A tone, on the other hand, has far less of the intellectual and more of the emotional. We do not understand it, we rather feel it. The reason of this difference cannot fully be given here. It may be enough to say that musical tones are not, like colors, common accompaniments of the objects of the external world; that they have their nearest prototype in the natural sounds of the human voice, and that this circumstance serves to invest them with an emotional significance which is wanting to colors. It may be added that many verbal sounds and cadences employed in poetry share to some extent in these deep and undefinable emotional associations.

Finally, with respect to the scope for obscure and incomplete ideal representation, it would appear, also, that the arts of the ear surpass those of the eye. Visual forms and colors, if presented in the abstract—that is, not as directly imitative of objects, as in decorative painting—do no doubt call up now and again vague ideas. Thus the moral ideas symbolized by the straight line or the circle, or by white, are examples of such vague suggestions. For the most part, however, particular arrangements of form and color answer, roughly at least, to too many unlike objects of nature to suggest any particular ideas, however faintly. Thus the forms of architecture, excepting, perhaps, some details, as the Corinthian capital, do not suggest ideas to our minds, and hence the special definiteness of the impressions of this art. It is only when they are made more complex and special that they awaken ideas of objects, and in this case they become imitative, and so call up *definite* ideas. In contrast to these, musical tones and their combination do commonly tend to call up vague representations of objects or events. We feel, when under the spell of one of Chopin's nocturnes, an irrepressible impulse to interpret the melody with its supporting harmonies, to make them representative of ideas. Yet the ideas thus sought after do not rise into luminous distinctness. We only very dimly perceive the meaning of the wandering melody; and it is this dim sense of an ideal background in music which helps to lend it its peculiar mystery. It may be added that poetry, though using a medium of definite signs, may, by help of certain sounds and cadences, share, in a humble measure, in this power of music to body forth in dim outline large and impressive ideal shapes.

It follows from what has just been said that music will surpass all other arts in

presenting to the imagination a blank region to be filled up by its free constructions. The whole of music, when not defined by a union with language, may be said to answer to the occasional pauses and blanks of painting and poetry. As directly imitative arts, these have for the most part to control the imagination, and can only in an exceptional way leave it free space for spontaneous action. Music, on the other hand, seems to have as its common function just to touch the imagination with gentlest pressure on one side, leaving it unfettered as to the precise direction to be followed.

Yet we have seen that a part of the gratification of a freely-moving fancy depends on the representation of the vast, the unbounded, and the sublime, whether in space, time, or in force or degree. Here then, it would seem, the imitative arts must have an advantage. Painting nearly always affords us the sublime in space: sculpture (though inferior in this respect to architecture) may faintly image to our eye the vast and immeasurable in force. Poetry surpasses these, and, by means of its all-comprehensive system of verbal signs, presents to us in suggested forms all varieties of imposing magnitude. In contradistinction to these arts of imitation, music can only body forth the immense by becoming itself a vast magnitude. The protracted series of complex movements of many sounds which makes up a modern symphony may thus be said to give us the sublime in space, time, and energy. Yet it may be doubted how far this effect is proper to music in the same sense in which it is proper to architecture, whose materials are necessarily large and impressive magnitudes.

The result of this rapid examination of the effects of art in its various forms is, that it involves as an essential factor a certain amount of vague and undefinable emotion. Hence art will always have its mysterious side, and a full appreciation of art in all its parts will include a susceptibility of mind to this particular emotional effect. Accordingly a mind which cannot enjoy without perfectly comprehending the whence and the why of its delight, must, it would seem, be debarred from a portion of the pleasures of art.

We have so far said nothing as to the relative merits of the pleasure which is made definite by intellectual reflection, and that which defies such a process of illumination. In truth, it is difficult to compare the two modes of enjoyment. While such intellectual activity tends to destroy a

certain charm which belongs to these undefined emotional effects, it adds a new gratification of its own. The question of the superiority of the one or of the other form of enjoyment may, as we have already remarked, best be referred to individual taste. Some minds of a highly intellectual order, and unequally developed in an emotional direction, will prefer those effects of art which lend themselves to clear definition; other minds, of an opposite order, will rather choose the opposite type of æsthetic effect. This difference will affect the person's relative appreciations of the several arts. Thus, the first type of mind will prefer music united to language to "absolute" music. Many persons, like Lessing, fail to enjoy instrumental music just because of its indefiniteness. Others, like Schumann, would regard all minute inquiries into the what and why of instrumental music as irrelevant. They prefer to keep its meaning screened, so to speak, from the rude light of day.

It is another question as to the proper range of this influence, both in art as a whole and in the several arts. It is plain, from what has been said, that this depends, to some extent, on the artist himself. Thus, for example, a musical composer may seek to render instrumental music minutely descriptive. On the other hand, a painter may lean to an obscure mode of presenting his subject. So, too, the poet may fall into the way of suggesting his scenes and events in shadowy outline, and of dwelling on those aspects of nature and of life which most deeply stir vague and undefinable emotions. Is it possible to lay down any rules as to the right management of this material of art?

No rigid maxims, we think, can be looked for here. A wide margin must clearly be allowed for differences of individual taste. All that can be safely said is, that the intellectual and the emotional have each their rights. On the one hand, culture tends, as has been remarked already, so to strengthen the intellectual impulses that a mode of enjoyment from which clear apprehension of objects and ideas is wholly excluded, is unsatisfying and incomplete. On the other hand, art is not science: it aims primarily at an emotional, not an intellectual, result. Some of the deepest feelings of pleasure are, as we have shown, afforded by objects and suggestions which leave the intellect comparatively inactive. Further, as we have seen, these modes of pleasure are not only compatible with intellectual culture; they even presuppose (at least in their highest degree) a certain

measure of it. To this we may now add, that our modern culture adds to the value of this undefined emotional enjoyment. Accustomed as we are to the scientific attitude of mind, to regarding nature and life only as an object for intellectual comprehension, there is an exquisite sense of relief in abandoning ourselves for the nonce to the emotional attitude—to viewing nature and life through the dim medium of a fancy which gives to each object the form and color most precious to our feeling. We may thus safely conclude that each mode of gratification has its rightful place in art.

More definite rules for artistic guidance may perhaps be found if we have to deal with special varieties of art. By considering the materials at the command of a particular art, and its varied possibilities, we may roughly ascertain the extent to which this factor is admissible. Thus, for example, it may be safely said that vague suggestion cannot be introduced into pictorial art to the same extent as into music. The eye desires clear and well-defined objects: it is the organ of perception *par excellence*, and it could never be long satisfied with misty "nocturnes" or with a dreamy, symbolic type of art. Music, on the other hand, by making use of inarticulate sounds—that is to say, a necessarily vague mode of expression—is under no such obligation to meet the intellectual needs. Finally, poetry may be said to offer ample scope for each mode of pleasure. Its medium, verbal signs, allows of the most definite modes of presentation. On the other hand, it is capable of the widest and most various suggestion of the vague and incomplete sort. Hence we ask of the poet an equal satisfaction of intellect and of emotion, clear perception of fact and dreamy imagination of the unknown and the ideal. We are here reasoning that the special aim of an art must be inferred from its special capabilities. Thus, having found how far these vague modes of delight are capable of being produced by the several arts, we can roughly determine their proper functions in relation to this particular kind of emotional effect.

There is one relation of our subject about which a word or two may appropriately be said in conclusion. As we have had occasion to remark in passing, what is new in impressions and their groupings affects us with wonder and a sense of the mysterious; on the other hand, what is customary and familiar appears intelligible on this very ground. Thus, in musical art, certain sequences of harmony, and certain

modulations of key, overawe us, so to speak, by their very strangeness; whereas more familiar arrangements seem comparatively clear and comprehensible. In the first case, we have the peculiar delight of the vague and mysterious; in the other, the quieter gratification of intellectual comprehension. If, as we have argued, each mode of delight is a proper effect of art, we must ask how they may be combined. Every work of genius supplies the solution of this problem. It meets our intellectual needs by keeping within those general rules of form which in art answer to the uniformities of nature. On the other hand, in its originality it provides ample novelty of detail, and so unfolds to eye or ear the hidden and mysterious powers of art. If all artists were men of creative genius, there would be no question of the relative worth of fixed form and of novelty of combination. But unfortunately this is not so. Hence we find, on the one hand, those who are content to keep to rules of art without endeavoring to reach a new embodiment of beauty; on the other hand, those who recklessly strain themselves to invent some new wonder, no matter how formless. The first yield but the cool satisfaction of intellectual perception; the second impress and stir our minds for an instant to a sense of the strange and wonderful, but only to leave them permanently unsatisfied.

It is an interesting question, whether the development of art tends to narrow and even to annihilate the region of new creation. J. S. Mill tells us he was much troubled by the thought that musical combinations would some day be exhausted; and German pessimists affirm that original creation in art, as in science, is becoming rarer and rarer. On the other side, there are many who assert that, in the works of one living dramatic poet and musician, we have an absolutely new revelation of art. It certainly would be a sad reflection that at some future day the world would no longer be thrilled by the delicious wonder of a new development in art. Yet, even if this is to be so, the consequences may not be so dreary as one might at first suppose. By the time this apex of development is reached, the storehouse of art-works will, it may be presumed, have become full, and thus there will then be ample novel material for each successive generation of the lovers of art. Even now there is a wide field for elevating wonder in the works of art which we have been able to preserve from the past. It does not seem to be the most devoted friends of art who are wont to complain of its narrow limits.

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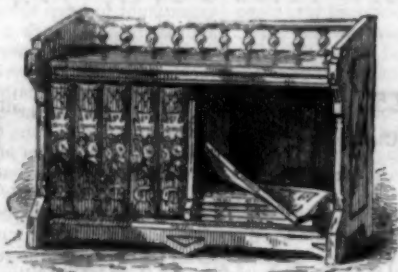
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